E. Bird del. Tudley sculp.

A Linnets nest with anxious care,
Young Strephon one day found me.

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Seventh Edition.

THE *Songster's Miscellany*;

OR,

VOCAL COMPANION:

Being a Selection of the moſt approved

SONGS, DUETS, &c.

Now ſinging at the Theatres Royal, and all polite Aſſemblies.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE

ONGSTER's MISCELLANY.

THE GODDESS OF LOVE.

LOCK round me ye paſtoral ſwains,
To hear the glad tidings I bring;
ſhepherdeſs viſits our plains,
Whoſe preſence enlivens the ſpring:
omplacency beams in her face,
With beauty that all muſt approve;
er features ſo blended with grace,
She's ſurely the Goddeſs of Love.

her ev'ry charm is combin'd,
No art in her manner you'll ſee;
er ſenſe moſt ſupremely refin'd,
With temper, mild, open and free;
o her form like an angel, is join'd
A mind that's related above;
o the poor ever ſoothingly kind—
She muſt be the Goddeſs of Love.

Soft pity is trac'd in her breaſt,
By the index that dwells in her eye;
With a heart to relieve the diſtreſs'd,
And the wants of the needy ſupply:
For the woe of all others ſhe feels,
Their ſuffering tries to remove;
Her humanity plainly reveals,
She muſt be the Goddeſs of Love.

Ah, ſure ſhe's a Goddeſs indeed,
On earth not her equal is found:
Ye ſwains ſound the muſical reed,
In her praiſe let the vallies reſound:
Could I this ſweet treaſure but gain,
And ſhe my fond paſſion approve;
No more I'd e'er wiſh to obtain,
But life with my Goddeſs of Love.

THE SMILE OF BENEVOLENCE.

INSPIRED by ſo grateful a duty,
In terms ſtrongeſt art can deviſe;
Bards have written thoſe raptures on beauty
That lovers have waſted on ſighs:
I, to fill the ſweet theme more completely,
Sing the beauty of goodneſs the while;
For ev'ry face muſt be dreſs'd ſweetly,
Where beams a benevolent ſmile.

While the heart ſome beneficent action
Contemplates, with joy the eyes ſpeak,

On the lip quivers mute ſatisfaction,
And a glow of delight paints the cheek.
Bliſs pervades every feature completely,
Adding beauty to beauty the while,
And the lovelieſt face looks more ſweetly,
Where beams a benevolent ſmile.

THEN I FLY TO MEET MY LOVE.

WHEN the bee at eve repoſes,
On a bed of fragrant roſes,
When the ſcreech owl wings its flight,
At the wiſh'd approach of night,
When ſweet Philomela's ſtrains,
Firſt ſalute the darken'd plains,—
Then I ſeek the willow grove,
Then I fly to meet my love.

When the ploughman's homeward ſtraying,
And the chirping crickets playing,
When the hornet (fatal bee)
Carries in the hollow tree,
When the bat with beetle eyes,
Round the ſpiry turret flies,—
Then I ſeek the willow grove,
Then I fly to meet my love.

When the light of day's departing,
And her beams bright Luna's darting,
When the raven journeys home,
And the heifers ceaſe to roam,

When the merry pipe and tabor
Call the ruſtic ſwain from labour,—
Then I ſeek the willow grove,
Then I fly to meet my love.

INDEED, I MUST DENY.

WHEN firſt young Harry told his tale,
I ſmil'd and turn'd the deafen'd ear,
Or if he met me in the vale,
I laugh'd his doleful ſigh to hear.
I danc'd and ſung as if for life,
Nor thought he meant me for his wife:
And when he woo'd I us'd to cry,
Indeed, young man, I muſt deny.

One day upon the village green,
To dance, the lads and laſſes met:
In ev'ry face gay mirth was ſeen,
Yet Harry ſeem'd to pine and fret.
He look'd and ſigh'd, yet fear'd to ſpeak,
As if his heart was like to break.
He aſk'd a kiſs: I cry'd O fie!
Indeed, young man, I muſt deny.

He pull'd my ſleeve: I turn'd my head,
As if I was inclin'd to ſtay:
While bluſhes on my cheeks were ſpread,
Which he obſerving kiſs'd away,
To yonder church, let's go, he cry'd,
And there be made my charming bride;
I thought 'twas a folly to be ſhy,
And own'd I could no more deny.

O DEARLY I LOVE SOMEBODY.

OF all the ſwains both far and near,
Or e'er my eyes did ſee,
I love but one ſincerely dear,
And truly he loves me.
The youth is every where I am,
And does ſo ſweetly woo,
O dearly I love ſomebody:
I do indeed love ſomebody,
But cannot, wo'n't tell who.

If e'er ſome ſtory I deviſe,
To talk of love a bit:
My father gently chiding cries,
It's time enough as yet.
But my dear lad does not ſay ſo!
So kind is he and true,
O dearly I love ſomebody;
I do indeed love ſomebody,
But cannot, wo'n't tell who.

The ring is bought, and, better ſtill,
(It's true upon my life)
The prieſt will make us, O he will,
Next Sunday, man and wife.
In truth, I wiſh it too,
For dearly I love ſomebody:
I do indeed love ſomebody,
But cannot, wo'n't tell who.

THE WANDERING LAMB.

AN anxious mother ſearch'd in vain,
To find her infant darling lamb:
Which playful ſtray'd from off the plain,
So loſt its way, ſo loſt its dam:
The bleating mother's rending cries,
Soon reach'd the paſſing trav'ller's ear:
Each bleating ſound was fill'd with ſighs,
Affection dropt ſweet nature's tear.

Hard cruel fate moſt ſad to tell,
The ſnow fell faſt, the cold ſevere,
When, near a diſmal dreary dell,
This little wand'rer periſh'd there!
There, on a bank of feather'd ſnow,
The hapleſs victim ſunk to reſt:
Death kindly gave a gentle blow,
And fill'd with care the mother's breaſt.

AH! SEEK TO KNOW.

AH! ſeek to know what place detains,
The object of my care;
If yet his breaſt unchang'd remains,
And I his object ſhare:
Tell me if e'er he gently ſighs,
At mention of my name;
If e'er his tender paſſions riſe,
His lips the truth proclaim.

THE WIDOW.

THE moon was ſinking in the weſt,
And briſkly blew the ev'ning gale:
When William from his Nancy preſt,
Spread with a ſigh the ſwelling ſail;
And ſoon was wafted from his native ſhore,
To ſee his Nancy's dear-lov'd form no more.

The tear oft ſparkled in her eye,
And oft bedew'd her pallid cheek:
And ſpeechleſs grief, in many a ſigh,
Whiſper'd her o'er-fraught heart to break.
In vain her conſtant boſom ſought repoſe:—
The eye that viewed not William could not cloſe.

Fearleſs of ill the gallant fleets,
O'er the loud daſhing billows go:
Each Briton's breaſt tumultuous beats,
To hurl deſtruction on the foe,
Conqueſt no more could heal poor William's ſmart—
He ſpill'd the ruddy drop that warm'd his heart.

Alternate hope, alternate fear,
In Nancy's conſtant boſom reign:
In vain ſhe dropt the pearly tear—
Hope ſooth'd her conſtant heart in vain:
Her William's fate was told: ſhe heard and ſigh'd,
Caſt up to Heav'n her eyes—then bow'd and died.

A SAILOR's SONG.

MY rum is out, my ſpirits die!
My mother gave me all her ſtore:
The tear that left her aged eye,
Fell on the beach I hail no more.

"Jemmy", ſhe cried' "grey is my hair,
"Expect no more my form to ſee!
"Thy little ſiſters claim thy care!
"Give them the love thou ow'ſt to me."

And tho' three thouſand miles apart,
And tho' my aged mother ſleep;
My ſiſters ſtill ſhall have my heart,
The world ſhall never make them weep.

Jemmy will come, my ſiſters dear!
Think when the wind blows loud at night:
My latitude may ſtill be fair—
I wiſh my keg of rum was tight!

SONNET.

AH, Larian! when at early dawn,
The darkling ſhadows flee,
I ſhiv'ring tread the dewy lawn,
And ſigh, and think on thee.

I ſee thee in the purling ſtream!
I ſee thee glide away!
I ſee that life is all a dream,
And pleaſures will not ſay.

y mother cries, " dear Aura, ſay,
" Why are thy looks ſo pale ?"
dare not own, whilſt thou'rt away,
My heart will ever ail.

he morning ſun is like thine eyes,
Ere rainy ſhow'rs come on,
nd nature, like thy Aura dies,
The ſun and Larian gone!

HE MORNING BEFORE THE BALL.

HE morn ſpent in dreſs, caps and gauzes
ſo gay,
ith lappets unfurl'd to the ball haſte away:
gin, ye hair-dreſſers your frizing and pain,
! the lovers of dancing ſhall never complain.

member the ſide curl, the paint and the patch
ckades ſtrike your colours—ſure ſuch
graces muſt catch:
hy ſo ſlow—do you wait till I ſhrink from
my pain,
! the lovers of dancing ſhall never complain.

member the fan, where in ambuſh we lie.
d peep thro' the ſticks the wide circle to ſpy,
! how my ſhoe pinches, you laugh at my
pain,
t the lovers of dancing ſhall never complain.

I go to the ball as my grandam has done,
And her ghoſt ſhall rejoice when ſhe ſees me make one;
Strike up then ye fidlers, put an end to my pain,
For the lovers of dancing ſhall never complain.

THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL.

I Have been to the ball, all my pleaſure is fled,
What a cold have I got, oh! what pains in my head;
Begin then, ye miſſes, in ſorrow's ſad ſtrain,
Let the lovers of dancing henceforward complain.

Remember the negus I ſpilt on my lap,
How I've torn my beſt apron, and burnt my new cap;
No conqueſt I've made, 'twas all labour in vain
Let the lovers of dancing henceforward complain.

Remember the corner in which I ſat down,
The candle kept dripping all over my gown;
To complete my misfortune, I my ancle did ſprain,
Let the lovers of dancing henceforward complain.

have been to the ball with the belles and the beaux,
have danc'd myſelf ſick, and I've ſpoil'd all my clothes;
t misfortunes like theſe who from tears can refrain?
t the lovers of dancing henceforward complain.

STELLA.

HOUGH Chloe boaſts an heavenly face,
Where wantons every blooming grace,
he ruby lip, the ſparkling eye,
he ſpeaking glance, and melting ſigh;
ſt to the graces of the mind,
r fading fetters fail to bind;
e lights the torch of wild deſires,
hich fiercely burns, but ſoon expires.

ough ſkill'd in learning's mazy lore,
piring Celia durſt explore
e trackleſs heav'ns unbounded way,
d tell where every orb ſhall ſtray;
ough bleſt with more than mortal fires,
e ſings and every muſe inſpires;
beauty claim no mingled part,
gains the head, but not the heart.

if in one high favour'd maid
ſdom and grace are both diſplay'd:

If, while we melt in beauty's ray,
Her honey'd lips confirm her ſway:
Bound at her feet in laſting ties,
The ſoul a willing captive lies.
O Stella, with auſpicious brow
Regard thy ſlave—for ſuch art thou!

COQUETTA.

COQUETTA, thinking ſhe has ſway,
O'er her officious ſwain;
Bids him upon a fatal day,
Not ſee her face again.

Th' aſtoniſh'd youth firſt trembling ſtood,
Nor knew he what to ſay;
At length he, in a penſive mood,
Juſt utter'd, "I'll obey."

He ſaid, then left her, try'd to eaſe
His breaſt of what he'd heard,
And, fatal to Coquetta's peace,
Too ſtrictly kept his word.

THE HEIRESS—STOLE AWAY.

WHO hunt after fortune attend,
And ye who make beauty your game,
To me your attention pray lend,
I'm an heireſs of fortune and fame:
An heireſs! hark forward, they cry,
Purſu'd by the young and the old;

'er hedges and ditches they fly,
To come within view of my gold:
hile I, like the poor timid hare,
When ſhe firſt hears the horn's diſtant lay,
art, double, and run without care,
ole away, they all cry, ſtole away!

n Iriſh young hunter gave chace,
O dear! but he'd make me his wife;
r 'twould be, when dead, my ſad caſe,
To lead little apes all my life;
n heireſs! hark forward, his cry,
No danger his love ſhould diſmay;
fter breaking his neck, he would try
To hunt me to death his own way;
While I, &c.

ut I've a young man in my eye,—
Not you ſir, no, no, ſir,—nor you;
n him I may ſafely rely,
He keeps me at all times in view:
n heireſs! hark forward, they cry:
Yet that had not power to charm;
Twas love, I'll not ſtrive to deny,
A love that was generous and warm.

ll with him, like the poor timid hare,
When ſhe firſt hears the horn's diſtant lay,
tart, double, and run without care,
Stole away, they all cry, ſtole away!

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE

O Liſten to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove;
The primroſe ſweet bedecks the field,
The tuneful birds invite to rove,
To ſofter joys let ſplendour yield,
O liſten, liſten to the voice of love.

When flowers their blooming ſweets exhale,
My Daphne let us fondly ſtray,
When whis'pring love breathes forth his tale,
And ſhepherds ſing their artleſs lay,
O liſten to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come, ſhare with me, the ſweets of ſpring,
And leave the town's tumultuous noiſe;
The happy ſwains all cheerful ſing,
And echo ſtill repeats their joys:
Then liſten, liſten to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

O PITY A MAIDEN.

YE youths, whereſoever ye wander ſo free,
I pray give attention and liſten to me,
For truly my caſe is diſtreſſing and hard,
If none of your ſex will my counſel regard:
If you wiſh for a wife,
To be happy for life,
Here's one that will ſell you a heart for a heart!

Come, come, prithee buy,
Or elſe I ſhall die,
pity a maiden, and pray take her part,
Ah do—ah do—
pity a maiden, and pray take her part.

ll ſeventeen ſummers have now roll'd along,
nd ſtill I'm unmarried—a little too long!
t, ſince I have waited the time I have ſaid,
tell you the huſband I now wiſh to wed:
Good ſenſe I muſt find,
In the youth to my mind,
ot a fop or a coxcomb can e'er touch my heart;
No, no, he muſt be
Good temper'd and free—
pity a maiden, and pray take her part.

Ah do—ah do, &c.

ould you turn in your minds now a virgin's advice,
harge you, ye bachelors, don't be too nice;
o' for virtue and ſo forth I may ſtand the teſt,
you'll find me no more than a woman at beſt!
Indeed it is true,
So mind what you do,
e you dare for the temple of Hymen to ſtart;

But ſhould you incline,
Hand and heart to entwine,
O pity a maiden, and pray take her part.
Ah, do—ah, do, &c

LA LEUP!

HEIGH-LO! heigh-lo! the morning is up
And the gallant falc'ner's abroad;
We've each of us had a ſtirruping cup,
And of game we'll bring home a load.
Up! couple the ſpaniels, and let the dogs try
See the partridge there on the wing.
Quick, jolly falconer, let the hawk fly,
'Tis a pleaſure fit for a king.
Then mark the ſwift hawk, ſee him now take
his ſtoop;
Down goes the game—call them in, la leup
'Tis a pleaſure fit for a king.

Barons of old, and princes ſo high,
Lov'd hawking as their lives.
The health of the field, and the falc'ner's cry
Drown'd even the pipes of their wives.
Our hawks they're a galantee ſhew,
With rings and feathers ſo fine;
The falc'ner laughs at the ſports below,
And cries, the air is mine.
What ſportſman to joys inferior would ſtoop,
While the ſummit of ſporting is hawking—
leup!
'Tis a pleaſure fit for a king.

ASKS DEAREST JANE.

SKS dearest Jane, what potent spell
Can calm the breast where love would dwell?
l her divest her polish'd mind
taste,—all perfect sense refin'd—
fancy, which in many a feat
cks what already seems compleat:
! bid her do all this, and prove
yet her swain can cease to love.

t while her melody of song
fts light the dulcet notes along,—
t while her eye to my fond heart
n speech more eloquent impart,—
t while her lips, with softer skill,
athe out superior music still.
! cease to speak, to look, to move;
l then your swain may cease to love.

FANCY's FESTIVAL.

NCY's playful pinions waving,
Thro' the mind disporing flies;
ow's tear the pale cheek leaving,
Vith hope's lucid ray she dries.

ine on absent friendship dreaming,
ancy comfort will impart;
r orbit's pleasure beaming,
ings joy's errand to the heart.

Gay the boſom fancy bleſſes,
Happy where ſhe ſmiling reigns;
Fetter'd love her pow'r confeſſes;
Reaſon's ſelf ſhe binds in chains.

O LOVE DECLARE,

O Love declare, ſweet friendſhip ſay,
Why, why, ſhould memory impart;
A bliſs or ſorrow paſs'd away,
To cheer alas! the ſilly heart.

On plighted vows, on tranſports dwell,
Such memory alone impart;
From thy record theſe fondly tell,
And kindly cheat the ſilly heart.

SOOTHE A WAND'RING LOVER.

HOPE, to ſoothe a wand'ring lover,
One kind cheering ray diſcover;
While her lone abode I trace,
Oh that fate may not oppreſs me,
Give a ſingle ſmile to bleſs me,
Painted on Louiſa's face.

THE FOX CHACE.

AT the ſound of the horn,
We riſe in the morn,
And waken the woods as we thunder along;

Yoix, yoix, talliho!
After Reynard we go,
le echo on echo redoubles the ſong,
waken the woods as we thunder along,
Talliho! talliho!
After Reynard we go,
le echo on echo redoubles the ſong.

Not the ſteeds of the ſun,
Our brave courſers outrun,
the mound horſe and hound, ſee us bound
in full cry;
Like Phœbus we riſe,
To the heights of the ſkies,
, careleſs of danger, five bars we defy.
We waken, &c.

At eve, ſir, we ruſh,
And are cloſe to his bruſh;
ady he dies, ſee him panting for breath:
Each feat and defeat,
We renew and repeat,
ardleſs of life ſo we're in at the death.
We waken, &c.

With a bottle at night,
We prolong the delight,
h Trimbuſh we praiſe, and the deeds that
were done;
And yoix talliho!
The next morning we go
Phœbus to end, as we mount with the ſun.
We waken, &c.

THE THRIFTY WIFE.

I AM a cheerful fellow, altho' a married man,
And in this age of folly, purſue a ſaving pla
Tho' wives are thought expenſive, yet who can l
alone?
Then ſince they are dear creatures, 'tis beſt to h
but one.
My choice diſcovers clearly my prudence and my t
I've a very little wife, with a very little waiſt.

Marriage is a draught we take, for better or for w
And wiſe is he who can prevent the drafts upon
purſe;
But evils are much leſſen'd, when wives are
inclin'd,
For if they come acroſs us, we ſhape them to
mind;
When matters are well manag'd, no need to be f
lac'd,
You may, with little danger, increaſe the little w

Tho' ſpouſy's ſo diſcreet ſtill each faſhion ſhe'll diſ
Her boſom, heaven bleſs her, is as open as the d
Her garment (may I venture a ſimile to beg?)
Hangs looſely from her ſhoulder, like a gown u
a peg;
Yet fearful of expences, ſhe ſhortens them tho' ſm
And if ſhe goes on ſhort'ning, ſhe'll have no w
at all!

THE YOUNG IRISH CAPTAIN'S T
HUSBAND FOR ME.

THREE lovers I boaſt that are handſome and ſm
And each in his turn has laid ſiege to my he
But when I give up to ſo bold a requeſt,
It muſt be to him that my fancy likes beſt.

one is a fop that doats on himſelf,
t'other, tho' pleaſing, is fond of his pelf;
e that's moſt loving, courageous and free,
young Iriſh captain—the huſband for me.

ith his rub a dub, row de dow, row de dow,
le dow, rub a dub, row de dow, row de dow,
ce dow, rub a dub, row de dow, O the dear
ure!

nother, now mind, intercedes for the fop,
my father, for money, at nothing will ſtop;
ne is for this, and the other for that;
either my ſoldier will deign to look at.
this is the reaſon: his fortune is ſmall,
deed, to ſpeak plainer, he has none at all.
o ſweetly he pleads, and ſo loving is he,
the Iriſh young captain's the huſband for me;
With his rub a dub, row de dow, &c.

n he whiſper'd, dear lad, t'other day in my ear,
s haſte to the church and get married, my dear;
e look'd in my face, and he ſo preſs'd my hand,
I cou'd not his tender intreaties withſtand.
e bold ſon of Mars ſo well acted his part,
he forc'd me, I own, to ſurrender my heart,
w were he marches, I'm likely to be;
e young Iriſh captain's the huſband for me.
With his rub a dub, row de dow, &c.

N THE LAND OF HIBERNIA.

e land of Hibernia young Pat drew his breath,
nd, ſure, ever ſince he has teaz'd me to death;
ſweetly he ſings and makes love with ſuch art,
the faith of St. Patrick he's ſhot thro' my heart.
With his Gramachree Molly, och, what can I do?

He vows, if I'll enter the conjugal life,
He'll, oh! to be ſure, only make me a wife;
Then ſo tender he looks when we lovingly chat,
That I long to be marry'd, but won't tell him th
With his Gramachree Molly,

Laſt Sunday at church he muſt fain tell the prieſt,
In a week or two more we are wedded at leaſt:
And ſure, ſince he ſaid it, my conſcience will ſa
If he don't lead me there, I will ſhew him the w
With his Gramachree Molly,

A MAN AN'T A HORSE!

OF a great well-known family near Tipperary,
Who trotted a pole or who ſhoulder'd a ho
I was ſprung; and ſo thinking the proſpect to v
Left my old anceſtors' home and the ſod.
I'd a twiſt of the brogue I determined to alter,
And ſpeak native Engliſh jontelly of courſe:-
If bred up a foreigner, why ſhould I faulter?
Tho' born in a ſtable—a man an't a horſe!

To be hired as a footman, I'd fixt it completely,
To a great man, who hated a tight Iriſh lad,
And would not keep a ſervant but talk'd En
neatly,
If the devil a one upon earth could be had.
What are you? ſays he--why, an Engliſhman, ho
Where born? why, in Ireland of courſe.
That can't be!—It can, Sir, I'll bet any mone
Tho' born in a ſtable—a man an't a horſe!

He gabb'd and he chatter'd his Cockney-ſhire bla
Bade me and my brogue to the devil go roam!
Says I, if Bow bells were the Lake of Killarny,
The devil a cockney'd be born at home!

he, you pronounce neither one thing nor other,
vls I, I've a tongue, ſure, for better for worſe!
pronuncification why make ſuch a bother?
o' born in a ſtable—a man an't a horſe!

t all the innkeepers, where'er I enter'd,
vl'd "put down potatoes," by way of diſgrace,
e the bother, thinks I, can their knowledge be
enter'd?
my ſoul they muſt ſee I've the brogue on my face!
o' I talk'd Engliſh ſo native and eaſy,
plump Iriſh features betray'd me of courſe;
I've prov'd to their faces, as neat as a daiſy,
o' born in a ſtable—a man an't a horſe.

N THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

e dead of the night, when, with labour oppreſt,
ail mortals enjoy the calm bleſſings of eaſe,
knock'd at my window, diſturbing my reſt.
ho's there (I demanded), be gone if you pleaſe.'

ſwer'd ſo meekly, ſo modeſt and mild,
r ma'am, it is I, an unfortunate child;
a cold rainy night; I am wet to the ſkin:
loſt my way, ma'am—ſo pray let me in."

ner from cold and from wet he got eaſe,
aking his bow, he ſaid, "ma'am if you pleaſe,
ou pleaſe, ma'am," ſaid he, "from experience
I'd know,
he rain has not damag'd the ſtring of my bow.'

tripp'd the archer as briſk as a bee,
ughing, "I wiſh you much joy, ma'am," ſaid
:
bow is not damag'd, nor yet is my dart;
you will have trouble in bearing the ſmart."

PEACE, WITH ALL HER TRA

NOW Peace, with all her ſmiling train,
Aſcends her native ſkies;
While anger tints her lovely mien,
To ſee Bellona riſe!—
Whoſe flowing veſtments ſweep the ground
Juſt dipp'd in Gallic gore:—
And hark!—commotion's warlike ſound
Affright the liſt'ning ſhore!—

Britannia view'd with ſilent gloom
The anarchy of France;
She dropt a tear on Louis' tomb—
Then ſnatch'd her glitt'ring lance;—
"Behold, my ſons!—indignant ſee
"Thoſe deeds of blackeſt hue!—
"Revenge—revenge—humanity
"Calls—loudly calls on you!"

She ceas'd—and thro' the obedient land
New armies marſhall'd riſe;
See YORK illuſtrious leads the band
To claim the victor's prize:—
While HOOD and HOWE ſhall on the wa
Our envy'd flag maintain;
And prove to Gallia's faction'd ſlaves
"BRITANNIA RULES THE MA

TOM TRUELOVE's KNELL.

OM Truelove woo'd the ſweeteſt fair,
That e'er to tar was kind;
face was of a beauty rare,
More beautiful her mind.
meſſmates heard, while with delight,
He named her for his bride:
ail appeared, ah fatal ſight!
For grief his love had died.
ſt I, cried he, thoſe charms reſign,
lov'd ſo dear, ſo well:
uld they had toll'd, inſtead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

ak heart at once and there's an end,
Thou all that heav'n could give,
hold, I have a noble friend,
Yet, yet for him I'll live.
tune, who all her baleful ſpite
Not yet on Tom had try'd,
news, one rough, tempeſtuous, night,
That his dear friend had dy'd:
thou too! muſt I thee reſign,
Who honour lov'd ſo well?
uld they had toll'd, inſtead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

ugh, enough, a ſalt ſea wave,
healing balm ſhall bring;

A ſailor you, cried one, and brave?
Live ſtill to ſerve your king!
The moment comes, behold the foe,
Thanks, gen'rous friend, he cry'd;
The ſecond broadſide laid him low,
He named his love, and dy'd.
The tale, in mournful accents ſung,
His friends ſtill ſorrowing tell,
How ſad, and ſolemn, three times rung,
Tom Truelove's knell.

VARIETY IN ONE.

IN one thou'dſt variety,
Cried Dick, would'ſt thou on wedlock
rather ſhould expect, cried I,
Variety in five or ſix,
But never was thy counſel light,
I'll do't my friend, ſo ſaid, ſo done,
I'm noos'd for life, and Dick was right,
I find variety in one.

Her tongue has more variety,
Than muſic's ſyſtem can embrace;
She modulates through every key,
Squeaks treble, and growls double baſs.
Diviſions, runs, and trills, and ſhakes,
Enough the noiſy ſpheres to ſtun;
Thus, as harſh diſcord muſic makes,
I find variety in one.

r dreſs boaſts ſuch variety,
uch forms, materials, faſhions, hues,
h animal muſt plundered be,
rom Ruſſian bears to cockatoos;
w 'tis a feather, now a zone,
low ſhe's a gipſy, now a nun,
change like the cameleon prone,
n't this variety in one?

vedlock's wide variety,
hought, word, and deed, we both concur;
he's a thunder ſtorm to me,
o I'm an April day to her.
il, and Angel, black, and white,
hus as we Hymen's gauntlet run,
kiſs, and ſcold, and love, and fight,
ach finds variety in one.

n cheriſh love's variety,
ſpite of every ſneering elf;
re nature's children, and en't ſhe,
change variety itſelf?
clouds, and ſtorms, are will'd by fate,
lore bright to ſhew her radiant ſun!
then bleſt wedlock in whoſe ſtate,
len find variety in one.

E SHALL BOTH GROW OLDER.

EY tell me I'm too young to wed,
But ſure 'tis all a fancy,
iling girl runs in my head,
is pretty little Nancy.

My mother ſays it muſt not be,
Tho' this I've often told her;
That Nancy is as young as me,
And we ſhall both grow older.

Her eyes are blue, with flaxen hair,
Her ſmile juſt hit my fancy,
No girl ſo mild, ſo ſoft, ſo fair,
As pretty little Nancy.
Then why not wed as well as love,
And ſo I've often told her;
If now too young we ſhall improve,
For we ſhall both grow older.

When year on year rolls o'er her head,
She ſtill will pleaſe my fancy,
As when to church I fondly led,
My pretty little Nancy.
Then let us wed as love invites,
For this I've often told her;
'Tis love alone can give delight,
When we are both grown older.

KATE OF DOVER.

NED Flint was lov'd by all his ſhip,
Was tender hearted, bold, and true,
He'd work his way, or drink his ſlip,
With e'er a ſeaman in the crew.
Tho' Ned had fac'd his country's foe,
And twice had fail'd the world all over,
Had ſeen his meſſmates oft laid low,
Yet would he ſigh for Kate of Dover.

ir was the morn, when on the ſhore,
Ned flew, of Kate to take his leave:
ys he, my love your grief give o'er,
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive.
fortune ſmile or let her frown,
To you I ne'er will prove a rover,
cares in gen'rous ſlip I'll drown,
And ſtill be true to Kate of Dover.

e tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
To brave all dangers on the main;
hen lo! a ſail appeared in view,
And Ned with many a tar was ſlain.
us death who lays each hero low,
Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover,
e tars oft tell the tale of woe,
And heave a ſigh for Kate of Dover.

TTLE BIRD WITH BOSOM RED.

TTLE bird with boſom red,
Welcome to my humble ſhed;
rtly domes of high degree,
e no room for thee or me.

le and pleaſures fickle throng,
hing mind an idle ſong;
le bird with boſom red,
come to my humble ſhed.

SINCE LIFE'S A JEST.

SINCE life's a jeſt, we'll jeſt at life,
And make a jeſt of ſorrow:
For why ſhould we 'gainſt life's decree,
Be thoughtful of to-morrow.

At jeſts we laugh, then laugh at life,
For life is but a jeſt:
And he who laughs, and laughs the moſt,
Is he who lives the beſt.
Since life's a jeſt,

ROSY WINE IS THE KEY.

ROSY wine is the key that will open
heart,
And the breaſt will be true that it mello
When drunk we deſpiſe all baſe falſhood
art,
For in liquor we're all honeſt fellows.
Then quickly paſs,
The jingling glaſs,
Ding dong till we are mellow;
Let ev'ry man,
Do all he can,
To be an honeſt fellow.

The Lawyer ſo grave for his client will pl
And with unbluſhing front againſt eq
bellows:

e key once applied, owns he doubly was
fee'd,
For in liquor we're all honeſt fellows.
Then quickly paſs, &c.

e lover who vows for his fair one he dies,
When wine, roſy wine, his boſom once mel-
lows.
ll own that her gold is more bright than her
eyes,
For in liquor we're all honeſt fellows.
Then quickly paſs, &c.

en if liquor can baniſh all art and deceit,
And the heart will be true that it mellows;
t us toſs off large bumpers whenever we
meet,
For in liquor we're all honeſt fellows.
Then quickly paſs, &c.

AH! WELL-A-DAY POOR ANNA.

AIR Anna lov'd a ruſtic boy,
And William was the ſhepherd's name:
him was center'd all her joy,
For her he glow'd with equal flame.
cruel father knew he lov'd,
And forc'd him o'er the ſeas away:
ne and ſad poor Anna rov'd,
And thus ſung out ah! well-a-day.

Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-day,
Sigh fond heart but do not break,
Deep in love, but dare not ſpeak.

A wealthy neighbour woo'd the maid,
His gold her ſordid mother won,
The gentle Anna thus betray'd,
Was forc'd to church, and was undone.
Returning back, ſhe met her love,
Ah! William dear, ſhe fondly cry'd,
May you a happier fortune prove,
She preſs'd his hand—ſhe ſighed and died.
Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-day,
Gentle hearts too ſoon will break,
Deep in love, who dare not ſpeak.

THE TRUE HONEST HEART.

IN this chaos of new fangl'd modes that live,
My ſentiments boldly and bravely I'll give.
I'll do unto mortals of ev'ry degree,
As I wiſh unto others their conduct ſhould be.
The beſt of all maxims I think for my part,
Is my Grandmother's mode a true honeſt heart.

My neighbour I love as myſelf I proteſt,
If the ſame ſort of friendſhip I find in his breast.

v'rence the laws, and our Sov'reign reſpect,
ne'er aims to ſubvert, what he's bound to
protect;
y heav'n protect him and fight on his part,
I firmly believe he's a true honeſt heart.

v fill up your glaſſes, let each quit his ſeat,
your brows be uncovered, ſtand firm on
your feet;
e your glaſſes in hand, place them right
to your lip,
pain of a bumper, let none dare to ſip:
ſentiments known then you all may depart,
y diſtreſs ne'er find out the true honeſt heart.

THE PRESS GANG.

N Tay's ſweet banks, the lint white ſings
ſo cheerily,
etly blooms the violet and gowan in the
grove;
lambs on the meads, they ſport and play
ſo merrily,
each ſhepherd here at e'en is fain to meet
his love.
'Twas here my Sandy firſt I knew,
'Twas here into his arms I flew,
The youth was comely, kind and true;

Ah! me one luckleſs day,
A preſs-gang forc'd my love to go,
To fight againſt his country's foe,
And left me here quite ſunk in woe,
For Sandy far away.

On Tay's ſweet banks they tore my la
from me,
O ſair did I weep when Sandy cry'd adie
In vain the ſhepherds try, to heap
favours on me,
In vain the laſſes ſeek ſweet flow'rs to buſk
bonny brow.
But ſhou'd the youth return again,
'Twou'd eaſe my aching heart fra pa
Then pleas'd I'd liſten to his ſtrain,
A' the live long day,
May bleſſings aye attend my love,
Make him your care ye pow'rs abov
For weel I ken he'll conſtant prove,
My Sandy far away.

A DANCE ROUND THE MAYPO

A Dance round the Maypole my boſom
lights,
When the merry merry notes of the min
call,
When the ſeaſon is gay, and the ev'ning la
O the joys, the delights, that my boſom
thral,

hen high-born maids look down with ſcorn,
I envy not your giddy round,
hile Jewels bright your heads adorn,
Content within our hearts is found.

THE VETERANS.

ICK Dock, a tar, at Greenwich moor'd,
One day had got his beer aboard,
hen he a poor maim'd penſioner from Chelſea ſaw:
And all to have his jeer and flout,
For the grog once in, the wit's ſoon out,
y'd how good maſter Lobſter did you loſe your claw.
Was't that time in a drunken fray,
Or to'ther, when you ran away,
t hold you Dick, the poor ſoul has one foot in the grave;
For ſlander's wind too faſt you fly,
D'ye think it fun, you ſwab, you lie,
sfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

Old Hannibal, in words as groſs,
For he like Dick, had got his doſe,
try about at wrangling quickly took a ſpell;
f I'm a Lobſter maſter Crab,
By the information on your nab,
ſome ſkirmiſh, or other, why they've crack'd your ſhell.

And then, why how you hobbling go,
On the jury maſt, your timber toe,
A nice one to find fault, with one foot in t
grave,
But halt old Hannibal, halt! halt!
Diſtreſs was never yet in fault,
Misfortune ever clain'd the pity of the bra

If Hannibal's your name d'ye ſee,
As ſure as they Dick Dock call me,
As once it did fall out, I ow'd my life to yo
Spilt from my horſe once when 'twas da
And nearly ſwallow'd by a ſhark,
You boldly plung'd in, ſav'd me, and plea
all the crew.
If that's the caſe, then ceaſe our jeers,
When boarded by they ſame Mounſeers,
You, a true Engliſh Lion, ſnatch'd me fr
the grave,
Cry'd cowards, do the man no harm,
Dammee, don't you ſee he's loſt his arm
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the bra

Then broach a can before we part,
A friendly one, with all us heart,
And as we put the grog about, we'll cheerly
At land and ſea, may Britons fight,
The world's ezample and delight,
And conquer ev'ry enemy of GEORGE
King.

'Tis he that proves the hero's friend,
His bounty waits us to our end,
ough crippl'd, and laid up, with one foot
in the grave.
Then tars and ſoldiers never fear,
You ſhall not want compaſſion's tear,
ſfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

OW GAILY ROLL'D THE MOMENTS ON.

OW gaily roll'd the moments on,
when Sandy woo'd me ilka day,
a' that fleeting joy is gone,
Since war hath preſs'd him far away.
vain the ſhepherds pipe and ſing,
The blooming maidens dance in vain:
l peaceful time ſhall Sandy bring,
To mingle in the happy train.
o' blithſome are the rural ſwains,
Who grace the flow'ry banks of Tay,
none of them with a' their pains,
Seems half ſo bonny blith and gay.

en dreſs'd in plaid of tartan bra',
Vith gartars dic'd beneath his knee;
ſmart a lad you never ſaw,
And O! how neat he look'd to me.
ene'er he drove his ſheep and kye,
To ſell them at the tryſte or fair,
d Sandy never fail'd to buy,
roll of ribbons for my hair.

But now his flocks, of late ſo glad,
His lambs that wont to ſkip and play,
Methinks are unco' and ſad,
Since war hath preſs'd him far away.

Ye fair, decreed in ſtate to ſhine,
Your wealth and pomp I envy not;
Be lairds your choice—but Sandy's mine,
With him to ſhare a lowly cot.
My boſom no ambition knows,
That veſtal maids may not impart;
It from as pure a paſſion flows,
As ever warm'd a lover's heart.
Oft muſing near yon verdant birk,
I lang to ſee the happy day,
When he ſhall lead me to the kirk,
And ne'er again gang far away.

LOVE THOU STRANGE CAPRICIOU BOY.

LOVE thou ſtrange capricious boy,
Source of ſorrow, ſource of joy,
Tell me why delight is flown,
From a boſom all your own.

From this heart which owns thy ſway,
Bid keen ſorrow far away;
Hope again and joy replace,
Love to fill thy dwelling place.

rief o'erwhelms my conſtant breaſt,
orrow fills the ſeat of love,
upid give this boſom reſt,
illing doubts and fears remove,
From this heart, &c.

my fair one by a ſmile,
orrow of its ſting beguile;
hy then love ſo froward be,
nce a frown is death to me.
From this heart, &c.

THE SPY.

HE willing ſoul well pleas'd delights
To heal the ſtranger's grief;
or will its hoſpitable rights
From worth withhold relief:
t ſtill we ſhould—deceitful theft
The tear we wiſh to dry—
iſtinguiſh 'twixt the gen'rous gueſt,
And the inſidious ſpy.

r paſſions each ſhould, ſtation'd well,
Have ſome good poſt apart,
d, as a wary centinel,
Prudence ſhould guard the heart.
us, like a camp, the human breaſt
Might a ſurpriſe defy;
warding ſtill the gen'rous gueſt,
And puniſhing the ſpy.

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY.

YE ſons of Britannia rejoice, O rejoice,
Let the air loudly echo with gratitude's voice
Our ſhips crown'd with conqueſt triumphantly ri
While lord of the ocean brave How doth preſi

He vanquiſh'd the foe,
Their valour laid low,
Tho' boldly determin'd to conquer or die.
Their efforts were vain,
The battle to gain,
For true Britiſh courage ſoon forc'd them to fly.

Our Tars fought ſo bravely, ſo firm in the cauſe,
'Tis hard to diſtinguiſh who claims moſt applau
The heat of the conflict they nobly withſtood,
While broadſide on broadſide with gore ſtain'd t
flood.

But nought could them ſave
From a watery grave,
For two line of battle went down from the fig
How peircing their cries,
Sunk never to raiſe,
'Midſt thunder of cannon and din of the fight.

Yet let the ſad ſigh of ſoft pity now ſwell,
For the heroes who're wounded the heroes who fe
Revere their great merit their ſuff'rings regard,
The annals of Britain their fame ſhall record.

And hark the guns' roar
Reſound from the ſhore,
While thouſands to view the French prizes reſo
With heart felt huzzas,
All hail our brave tars,
Exulting with glory return'd ſafe to port.

RK the MARTIAL FIFE and DRUM.

lads, of the love of your country poſſeſs'd,
Whoſe duty at preſent to Britain is due,
o hope with the ſmiles of the fair to be bleſs'd,
et valour beat time to my rat tat tat too,
For hark the martial fife and drum,
Bids ev'ry loyal hero come,
To fight for Britain's glory;
Then proudly ſhall the page of Fame,
Tranſmit the luſtre of your name,
To ſhine in future ſtory.

itons! how great, how important the cauſe,
n which are depending your fortunes and lives,
r liberty, commerce, religion, and laws,
our kindred, your progeny, ſweethearts, and wives.
Hark, hark, the martial fife, &c.

Frenchmen exult in their liberty tree,
ith thorns 'tis engrafted, and crabs are its fruit;
while you are loyal, united and free,
heir Anarchy ne'er ſhall our order pollute.
Hark, hark, the martial fife, &c.

looks upon danger ſurrounding unmov'd,
rhaps he too late may his apathy rue;
e he ſhall be honour'd, eſteem'd, and approv'd,
hoſe valour beats time to my rat tat tat too.
Hark, hark, the martial fife, &c.

A PLAY UPON WORDS.

HEN I firſt went to ſchool it was all my delight,
To con ſomething or other from morning to night,
uld never conform nor confeſs nor conſent,
however conjur'd I was never content.

But ſo well I'd confuſe and conceal and contrive,
And conſpire and concert and controul and conni
And confute and conteſt and confound, and ſo o
No boy in the ſchool was ſo pat at a con.

Scarcely did I emancipate, manners to know,
But a ſtrange predilection I cheriſh'd for pro,
I proceeded with care, wou'd propoſe, and prote
And promoting but little, a great deal profeſs'd,
Procur'd rich connections, old friends to provok
With a titter provided, prolong'd my lord's joke,
And pronounc'd each man's friend, and producin
foe,
I left little con and ſtuck tightly to pro.

Thus well with the world, my next thought after
Was to yield to the ton, and to keep a fine miſ
But here I miſcarry'd, was after miſled,
Miſmatch'd and miſtaken and every way ſped.
Miſs's conduct miſgave me, and full of miſtruſt,
I ſet my miſs down where I took her up firſt;
Glad I met no miſhap, nor worſe miſchief than
And reſolv'd my next frolic ſhou'd not be amiſs,

Still playing on words, and reſolv'd to get rich,
I learnt there were hows—but then how to find wh
Fortunes were to be nabbed, I find out now and t
And knew ſomething of where, but I could no
when.
Scarce an if had form'd hope, when a but proc
fear,
Then in ſearching out there, I ſoon loſt myſelf
'Till betwixt, and between, this and that ſomeh
In ſearch of the wherefore, loſt ſight of the wh

Thus ringing the changes on life's wordy war,
I found its ſheet anchor exhiſted in ſor;
And by prudence forwarned, folly's joys to ſor
Soon did all nonſenſe forſake, and forſwear.

the world, for ſociety deſtin'd to live,
n by any one wrong'd, I forget and forgive,
my fortune in petto for honourable ends,
enough for myſelf, and the reſt for my friends.

BUMPER, A FRIEND, AND THE GIRL OF YOUR HEART.

Venus and Bacchus thoſe ſpirits divine,
I pledge in full bumpers libations on earth;
friendſhip and love ſhall e'er hallow the ſhrine,
om whence all ſuch comforts of life owe their birth.
care may embitter the pleaſures of man,
is wine cheering wine that can temper the ſmart,
quaff it ye mortals and make it your plan,
bumper a friend and the girl of your heart.

ld envy intrude on the raptures of love,
d her poiſon fraught adders malignantly hiſs;
conſtancy follow the faith of the dove,
d the harpies ſhall die thro' ſincerity's kiſs:
fill me a flaggon, fill, fill to the brim,
d let each good fellow with me bear a part;
my ſong and my ſentiment's made but for him
ho drinks to a friend and the girl of his heart.

rrow or diſcord I ne'er turn my mind,
hat have I with the minions of trouble to do;
Venus's myrtle my brows are entwin'd,
d each throb of my heart e'er to friendſhip is true.
le I breath in this world, let me taſte ſuch delight
Bacchus and Venus can only impart;
like a true Briton I'll drink day and night,
a brotherly friend, and the girl of my he rt.

WHEN WHISTLING WINDS.

WHEN whiſtling winds are heard to blo
In tempeſts o'er the earth,
The ſeaman's oft' daſh'd to and fro,
Yet cheerly takes his birth:
And as he fearleſs mounts the ſhrouds,
Awhile the veſſel ſwings,
Tho' ſkies are mantled o'er with clouds,
The gallant ſailor ſings:
Tis pretty Poll and honeſt Jack,
My girl and friend on ſhore,
Will hail me at returning back,
So let the billows roar.

When bending o'er the rocking yard,
While ſeas in mountains riſe,
He takes a ſpell, however hard,
And danger e'er defies:
The ſtorm once o'er, the gallant tar
Let's fancy freely roam,
And tho' from many a friend afar,
Thus ſings of thoſe at home.
'Tis pretty Poll, &

On burning coaſts, or frozen ſeas,
Alike in each extreme,
The gallant ſailor's e'er at eaſe,
And floats with fortune's ſtream;

ove and friendſhip ever true,
e ſteers life's courſe along,
whereſoever ſailling to,
ond hope elates his ſong.
'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

WHEN I WAS A CHIT.

HEN I was a chit, juſt got into my teens,
And the men would be aſking a kiſs;
ks I to myſelf, I ſcarce know what it means
t I think I ought not to ſay yes:
To be ſure it was fine
When they call me divine,
I've ſimper'd and cry'd, let me go,
O dear, Sir, O la!
I'll acquaint my mamma,
s you keep teazing and ſqueezing me ſo.

oving in ſkill as advancing in years,
ch leſſon of love got by heart,
eager my hopes, more decided my fears,
re nature ſought refuge in art—
At each ſwain that drew nigh,
I look'd under my eye,
oiter'd, pretending to go:
If preſt to ſit down,
I exclaim'd with a frown,
lare you keep teazing and ſqueezing me ſo.

ting's now o'er, and ſettled for life,
h feeling is fairly confeſs'd,

Attach'd to the duties of parent and wife,
'Tis nature ſtill reigns in the breaſt:
To my heart's boſom friend,
I no coolneſs pretend,
Nor from him ſeem anxious to go:
Nor ever complain,
With affected diſdain,
But doubt whether ſqueezing be teazing or

DONALD OF DUNDEE.

YOUNG Donald is the blitheſt lad,
That e'er made love to me,
When e'er he's by, my heart is glad,
He ſeems ſo gay and free.
Then on his pipes he plays ſo ſweet,
In his plaid he looks ſo neat;
It cheers my heart at eve to meet,
Young Donald of Dundee.

When e'er I gang to yonder grove,
Young Sandy follows me,
And fain he wants to be my love,
But ah! it canna be.
Tho' mither frets both ſoon and late,
For me to wed this youth I hate;
There's none need hope, to gain young
But Donald of Dundee.

When laſt we rang'd the banks of Tay,
The ring he ſhewed to me:

bade me name the bridal day,
hen happy wou'd he be.
the youth will aye prove kind,
mair my mither wi I mind,
John to me ſhall quickly bind,
ung Donald of Dundee.

E GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

ME let us raiſe the war-like lay,
Let fame her trump attune,
d remembrance of the day,
e glorious *Firſt* of *June*;
Britiſh Tars oft' 'ere awhile,
new renown obtain,
ravely prov'd their favour'd iſle
miſtreſs of the main:
phant ſhall our navies plough
ſeas from ſhore to ſhore,
rance in future times know Howe
conquer as before.

ing from his bed of rocks,
Neptune eager roſe,
lernly ſhook his briny locks,
view the mighty foes;
Gallia, cry'd the frowning god,
eſſed be their cauſe;
rule the world with iron rod,
break true freedom's laws;
foaming billows ſoon ſhall flow,
in'd with purple gore,

And Frenchmen to their coſt know Howe
To conquer as before.

The foe defy'd this dread decree,
Reſolv'd, with naval might,
To win the empire of the ſea,
Or periſh in the fight:
Tremendous then the battle rag'd,
The waves ſeem'd all on fire;
And dauntleſs ſhip and ſhip engag'd,
While fame did each inſpire:
Some ſtruck, while others moving ſlow,
To gain their native ſhore,
Proclaim that Britiſh tars know Howe
To conquer as before.

ELIZA.

HARK! hark! Eliza's tuneful voice,
Gives harmony to love's ſoft ſong;
Huſh every rude and vulgar noiſe,
Ye zephyrs ſoftly breathe along.

She love herſelf ſtands liſt'ning by,
While cupids hover round,
Let not the tender heaving ſigh,
Diſturb the magic ſound.

'Tis heav'n to hear Eliza's voice,
When love inſpires the ſong,
But ah! how muſt that ſwain rejoice,
Whoſe name her notes prolong.

HOPE TO MARRY CHARLEY.

HEN at Bellona's loud alarm,
The trump of Fame was ſounded,
ng Charley felt the valour warm,
ith which his breaſt abounded:
u ſaid he, my charming fair,
or a time muſt leave thee;
while I'm far away, beware,
ſt flatt'ry ſhou'd deceive thee.
then he left his native ſhore
or longer ſtay'd to parley,
fter all the wars are o'er
ope to marry Charley.

daily teaz'd by rival ſwains,
ho fancy me forſaken,
get their labour for their pains,
d find themſelves miſtaken:
rong ſo brave a lad you know,
ould be a ſhameful ſtory,
nobly dares to face a foe,
d fight for Britain's glory.
no indeed——on ſuch a ſcore
never ſtand to parley,
ſe, when all the wars are o'er
ean to marry Charley.

nks that every paſſing gale,
welcome tidings bearing.
ys to me ſome doleful tale,
r Charley's fate declaring:

But hope again assures my mind,
That Providence will guard him;
That fortune, still to valour kind,
With laurels will reward him.
His rivals now I daily shun,
Nor stand with them to parley,
Determin'd when the wars are done,
To give my hand to Charley.

SONG.—*By Peter Pindar, Esq.*

AT length, O fairest Nymph, farewel!
Let sighs alone my passion tell;
With tears I quit thy arms:
Adieu each eve of pure delight;
Adieu each morn with rapture bright;
Adieu thy brighter charms!

Where'er by Fate condemned to stray,
Where Phœbus pours the golden day,
Or sleeps beneath the wave,
Thine image will my path pursue,
And ever present on my view,
Detain me still a slave.

In vain I roam—I strive in vain
To break, O beauteous maid, thy chain!
Yet why my fetters part?
Ev'n now thy sighs, my sighs approve;
Ev'n now thy love, returns my love,
And yields me heart for heart!

LVIA.—*Written by P. Pindar, Esq.*

Hen firſt my ſhepherd told his tale,
He droop'd and languiſh'd, look'd and
ſigh'd;
od Heav'n," thought I, and then turn'd
pale,
How often men for love have died!"

pond'ring well, thought I again,
s pity kill ſo ſweet a ſwain!"

ſuch a warmth my hand he preſt,
heart was fill'd with wild alarms,
bouncing, bouncing at my breaſt,
'd "take poor Colin to your arms."
hen my tongue began its ſtrain,
s pity kill ſo ſweet a ſwain!"

wiſhes riſe, his cauſe to plead,
mutineers, in ſaucy bands,
oar, "for ſhame to ſtrike him dead,
have a murder on your hands!"
hes, you're right," quoth I, "'tis plain.
t then? what then! I ſav'd the ſwain."

NG.——*Written by P. Pindar, Esq*

gentle ſquires, give over ſighs,
gain regard in ladies' eyes,
make them doat upon ye;
ve has long been kick'd to door,
e the little god is poor——
's welcome without money?

Try gentle ſirs, a diff'rent ſcheme;
For truly 'tis an idle dream
To woo with words of honey:
Change (if ye wiſh their hearts to fix)
Your hearts into a coach and ſix,
And coin your ſighs to money!

QUEEN of FRANCE to her CHILDR

Juſt before her Execution.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD, written by P. Pindar,

FROM my priſon with joy could I go,
And with ſmiles meet the ſavage de
Were it only to ſleep from my woe,
Since the grave holds no terrors for m

But from you, O my children, to part!
Oh! a coward I melt at my doom;
Ye draw me to earth, and my heart
Sighs for life, and ſhrinks back from
tomb.

Liſt, liſt not to Calumny's lie,
For I knew not of guilt and its fears;
And when at my fate ye will ſigh,
My ghoſt ſhall rejoice in your tears.

In bleſſings, ah! take my laſt breath!
Dear babes of my boſom, adieu!
May the cloud be diſperſed by my death
And open a ſunſhine for you!

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

the world's crooked path where I've been,
There to ſhare of life's gloom my poor part,
e bright ſunſhine that ſoften'd the ſcene
Vas——a ſmile from the girl of my heart.

a ſwain when the lark quits her neſt,
ut to labour with glee will depart.
t eve he expects to be bleſt
Vith——a ſmile from the girl of his heart.

e then croſſes and cares as they may,
et my mind ſtill this maxim impart,
t the comfort of man's fleeting day
——a ſmile from the girl of his heart.

SANDY O' THE GREEN.

W Spring her ſweets diſcloſes,
And flow'rets deck the grove;
nak, wi' ſweeteſt roſes,
garland for my love.
flow'rets that ſcent the air,
e not ſae blooming ſeen;
not ſae ſweet and fair,
Sandy o' the green.

Nae lad can blink ſae blithe and gay,
Nae lad that e'er was ſeen;
Sae ſweetly on the pipe can play,
As Sandy o' the Green.

As o'er the burn a maying
I lately bent my way,
I met young Sandy ſtraying
Wi' lads and laſſes gay:
I felt delight and pleaſure
To view his ſhape and mien:
Sure, then, my only treaſure,
Is Sandy o' the Green.
Nae lad can blink,

My Sandy vows he will be mine,
The kirk ſhall mak us ane,
All other laſſes he'll reſign
And live for me alane:
There's ſae much joy in ſtore for me,
I envy not a queen;
While I am bleſt wi' love and thee,
Dear Sandy o' the Green.
Nae lad can blink,

SOMETHING IN KISSING.

THERE's a ſomething in kiſſing—I ca
tell why,
Makes my heart in a tumult jump more
breaſt high:
For nine times in ten,
So teazing,
And pleaſing,
We find thoſe rude creatures—the dear ki
men,
That we wiſh it repeated again, and agai

o' a kiſs ſtop my breath, oh! how little
care I,
ce a woman at ſome time or other muſt die!
For nine times in ten,
So teazing,
And pleaſing,
e find thoſe rude creatures—the dear kiſſing
men,
at we wiſh it repeated again, and again!

BOB OF THE MILL.

Y heart is as honeſt and brave as the beſt,
My body's as ſound as a roach;
o' in gay fangled garments I never was dreſt,
Nor ſtuck up my nob in a coach:
fortune refuſes to flow with my ſtream,
My ſacks with her riches to fill,
y ſurely 'tis Fortune alone that's to blame;
And not honeſt Bob of the Mill.

breaſt is as artleſs, and blithe as my lay,
From my cottage Content never flies;
is ſure to reward the fatigue of the day,
And I know how to value the prize:
ould the girl that I love, then, but give me
her hand,
The world it may wag as it will;
efy the firſt ſquire, or lord of the land,
To diſhonour plain Bob of the Mill.

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ſhip that under ſail,
Spreads her white boſom to the gale,
Sweet, oh ſweet's the flowing can:
Sweet to poiſe the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native ſhore,
When the boatſwain pipes the barge man:
Sweet ſailing with a fav'ring breeze,
But oh much ſweeter than all theſe
Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan.

The needle faithful to the north,
To ſhew of conſtancy the worth,
A curious leſſon teaches man:
The needle time may ruſt, a ſquall
Capſize the binacle and all,
Let ſeamanſhip do all it can:
My love in worth ſhall higher riſe,
Nor time ſhall ruſt, nor ſqualls capſize
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboas I was penn'd,
For ſerving of a worthleſs friend,
And every creature from me ran;
No ſhip performing quarantine,
Was ever ſo deſerted ſeen;
None hail'd me woman, child, nor man
But though falſe friendſhip's ſails were furl
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

ove my duty, love my friend,
ve truth and merit to defend,
To mourn their loſs who hazard run,
ove to take an honeſt part,
ve beauty and a ſpotleſs heart,
By manners love to ſhew the man,
ſail through life by honour's breeze,
was all along of loving theſe,
Firſt made me doat on lovely Nan.

THE STAGE OF LIFE

OLDEN days on rural plains,
When youthful ſhepherds tun'd the lyre,
d with their love inſpiring lays,
Oft fill'd each maid with chaſte deſire.
Ever generous, blithe, and gay,
Paſt their happy hours away.

en ruſtic beauties cold nor coy,
Bleſt the paſſions of each youth:
d ſwains elate with rapturons joy,
Vow'd eternal love and truth.
Ever generous, &c.

ns gently manner'd, free from art,
Each ſoul with love and virtue glow'd;
ile nature's language from the heart,
oin'd with pure affection, flow'd.
Ever gen'rous, &c.

Charm'd with the notes of warb'ling birds,
On roſy banks each am'rous pair,
Would watch content their fleecy herds,
Devoid of heart corroding care.
Ever gen'rous, &

THE ROYAL SOLDIERS

FAREWEL ſweet maids, let no vain fe
ariſe.
Your lover crown'd returns, or nobly dies;
The ſweet reward of all our future care,
Shall be the ſmiles of every Britiſh fair.

Vain Frenchmen pretend to Liberty's cauſe
And with Britons the right to diſpute;
But words by tranſlation we know looſe th
force,
And Freedom's a true Engliſh root.

This Freedom in France an exotic was plac
A blooming, yet delicate ſhoot,
But the hot bed of faction, by forcing
riſe,
Deſtroy'd it before it took root.

In England alone in full vigour it yields,
By GEORGE ever guarded, its fruit;
There loyalty, there unanimity reigns,
None dare put the axe to the root.

THE SAILORS ROUSE.

Tune—(*Come ye lads who wiſh to ſhine*)

EARTS of Oak with vigour rouſe;
Danger never fearing;
w your country's cauſe eſpouſe,
And drub the foe that's daring.

" Soon the haughty **Dons** ſhall ſmart;
" Soon we'll ſhare their treaſure.
" Always to a ſailor's heart
" A Spaniſh war gives pleaſure."

ys, the happy moments watch,
Let e'm know their maſters;
m the Indies ſhip loads fetch
Of dollars and piaſtres.

Soon the haughty Dons, &c.

with us the chiefs of Spain,
Wiſh to be at variance?
h the foremoſt of the train
We'll match an Engliſh Clarance.

Soon the haughty Dons, &c.

ptune viewing Royal Game,
Panting after glory,
es—" My ſons away to fame,
Aud rival ancient ſtory."

Soon the haughty Dons, &c.

Britain ſmiling ſeems to ſay,
" What is here expended,
Coſts and ſuit the Don ſhall pay,
" Before the cauſe is ended.

Soon the haughty Dons, &

Unanimity's the toaſt
(Courting no Alliance)
That preſerved—the Britiſh coaſt
May bid the world defiance.

" O'er the Spaniſh main to ride,
" Not a ſoul will grumble;
" Tell the haughty Dons their pri
" And inſolence we'll humble."

HUSH EVERY BREEZE.

HUSH ev'ry breeze let nothing move,
My Delia ſings, and ſings of love;
Around the winning graces wait,
And calm contentment guards the ſeat.

In the ſweet ſhade my Delia ſtay
You'll ſcorch thoſe charms more ſweet t
May,
The Sun now rages in his noon,
'Tis pity ſure to part ſo ſoon.

Oh! hear me Delia, hear me now,
Incline propitious to my vow,
So may thy charms no changes prove,
But bloom for ever like my love.

HY MY JULIA, WHY THIS CARE.

WHY my Julia, why this care?
Fancy not my love can ceaſe:
nt'ry hours too frequent are,
Too few the ſunny hours of peace.

hen the ſtars reſplendent ſhine,
Muſt my eyes their luſtre ſcorn;
auſe they want the charms divine
That grace the radiant brow of morn.

when Lydia's glowing cheek,
Her eyes and lips of roſy hue,
raiſe impartial, do I break
For this my conſtant love to you.

, O dry theſe captious tears,
f I would I can't be free;
ce each charm a rival wears,
Recals ſuperior charms in thee.

T FORTUNE'S ANGRY TEMPEST BLOW.

ET fortune's angry tempeſt blow,
We ſhrink not from its force;
e ſtreams of life ſtill calmly flow,
And pure their gentle courſe.

us, my fair, Content has wove
Each ſweet and balmy flow'r;
us ſhe tends the blooming grove,
And decks each rural bow'r.

THE HAPPY MILK MAID.

THO' neither in filks nor in ſatins I'm ſeen,
My garb if but homely is wholeſome and clean
An apron of blue with a plain ruſſet gown,
A ſpotted filk handkerchief all are my own.
For which with the fruits of my labour I pay,
And that is much more than my betters can ſay;
Still wandering at morn and at eve to and fro,
With milk pretty maids, any milk below.

Tell me not of bondage, 'tis all a mere joke,
I'm never more happy than under a yoke:
In which I can joyfully balance the pails,
As e'er madam juſtice could manage her ſcales:
Go things how they will, I've the proverb in view
In dealing with all, give the devil his due;
And gay as a lark, while I trudge to and fro,
Keep ſtill crying milk, any milk below.

The Stateſman, the Doctor, the Lawyer in ſilk,
The Biſhop in lawn, are but dealers in milk;
While one milks his patient and drains him of health
Another his client can milk of his wealth;
While one hath the national dairy at call,
The Church t'other milks without preaching at all
Thro' life then I'll merrily trudge to and fro,
And ſtill cry my milk, any milk below.

SWEET GIRL ADIEU.

FOR England's peace I quit ignoble eaſe,
Sweet girl adieu, 'tis glory calls afar,
But whereſoe'er I ſail on ſwelling ſeas.
Thou art my compaſs and my guiding ſtar.

Farewell brave youth, ſince honour call thee hence
May valour ever in thy boſom burn,
Eternal love ſhall be thy recompence,
And every wiſh ſhall hail thy ſafe return.

THE MODEL.

Y friend is the man I wou'd copy thro' life,
He harbours no envy, he cauſes no ſtrife,
murmurs eſcape him, tho' fortune bears hard,
ent is his portion, and peace his reward;
Still happy in his ſtation,
He minds his occupation,
Nor heeds the ſnares,
Nor knows the cares,
Which vice and folly bring,
Daily working wearily,
Nightly ſinging cheerily,
to him his wife, his home, his country, & his king.

heart is enlarg'd, tho' his income is ſcant,
eſſens his little for others that want;
his children's dear claims on his induſtry preſs,
as ſomething to ſpare for the child of diſtreſs:
He ſeeks no idle ſquabble,
He joins no thoughtleſs rabble,
To clear his way,
From day to day,
His honeſt views extend,
When he ſpeaks 'tis verily,
When he ſmiles 'tis merrily,
to him his ſport, his toil, his honour, & his friend.

charming to find in his humble retreat,
bliſs ſo much ſought, ſo unknown to the great,
wife only anxious her fondneſs to prove,
playful endearments of infantine love.
Relaxing from his labours,
Amid his welcome neighbours,
With plain regale,
With jeſt and tale,
The happy hero, ſee,
No vain ſchemes confounding him,
All his joys ſurrounding him,
he holds his native land, its laws, and liberty.

THE BRITISH FAIR, WITH THREE TIMES THREE!

MY jovial friends with ſocial glee,
The bottle now we'll paſs,
Each Boſom charg'd with loyalty,
With good old port each glaſs,
The bumpers fill'd, the toaſt ſhall be,
The Church and King, with three times three.

While Britain's ſons with martial fire,
And patriot ardor glow,
While they to warlike deeds aſpire,
And pant to meet the foe,
To Britiſh arms, by land and ſea,
We'll drink ſucceſs, with three times three.

The loyal nymphs of Albion's iſle,
With pleaſure then we'll toaſt,
And beauty's faſcinating ſmile,
Shall be each Briton's boaſt,
The Bumpers fill'd, the toaſt ſhall be,
The Britiſh fair, with three times three.

LET'S RANGE THE FIELDS.

PRIMROSES deck the bank's green ſide,
Cowſlips enrich the vaiſey;
The blackbird woos his deſtin'd bride,
Let's range the fields my Sally.
The devious path our ſteps ſhall bring,
To yonder happy grove,

ere Nightingales delighted ſing,
And zephyrs whiſper love.
h ſweeteſt flow'rs a wreath I'll twine,
bind that modeſt brow of thine;
love ſhall baniſh ev'ry fear,
l crown thee Goddeſs of the year.

NOTHING LIKE PLEASURE.

HIS life is queer we all do know,
From Peer to Sans Culotte;
h day ſucceeding clear doth ſhew,
ach one's his whim afloat.
s follies when they ſpread around,
hew reaſon is a treaſure;
want of it is often found,
Vhen nought we like but pleaſure.

huntſman drives away with ſpeed,
hat nought his pace may check;
ſcorns to be behind the lead,
o values not his neck.
toper reeling to and fro,
nd ſtumbling at his leiſure,
drink till he can't ſee or go,
ecauſe he thinks it pleaſure.

lover too with tender ſighs,
oth promiſe, woo, and pray;
vows his dear's bright ſparkling eyes,
clipſe the ſun's bright ray.

To ſlaviſh courtſhip he doth bend,
To gain his only treaſure;
And hopes that nothing will attend,
To rival his dear pleaſure.

Thus ſtateſmen, parſons, lawyers too,
Each has his different fancy;
And ſimply they old out to view
Their meaſure to entrance ye:
But in this keen and knowing world,
Our ſteps muſt be at leiſure,
A good look out, with ſails unfurl'd,
Not gaping after pleaſure.

THE COTTAGE IN THE GROVE

NOW wanton gales perfume the glade,
Beneath the woodbines fragrant ſhade
Each ſhepherd breathes his love.
From all that's freſh, from all that's fair,
Iv'e cull'd each ſweet, to deck with care,
My cottage in the grove.

O come, Eliza, lovely maid,
To ſhare the ſweets of rural ſhade,
O come and be my love.
Here muſic charms with magic ſound,
While love and pleaſure reign around,
My cottage in the grove.

Here roſes red and roſes white,
With rival ſweets my fair invite,
Theſe rural joys to prove.

re harmony delights to dwell,
ntent is found within my cell,
My cottage in the grove.

WHEN BIDDEN TO THE WAKE.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free hearted ſwain,
l Phœbe promiſed to be there,
I loiter'd laſt of all the train:
chance ſome fairing caught her eye,
The ribbon gay or ſilken glove,
th eager haſte I run to buy,
For what is gold, compar'd to love.

poſy on her boſom plac'd,
Could Harry's ſweeter ſcents exhale!
r auburn looks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
th ſcorn ſhe hears me now complain,
Nor can my ruſtic preſence move:
r heart prefers a richer ſwain,
And gold alas! has baniſh'd love.

SIGH FOR THE GIRL I ADORE.

HEN Fairies trip round the gay green,
And all Nature ſeems ſunk into reſt,
o' valleys I wander unſeen,
My heart with ſad ſorrow oppreſt.

Then oft by the murmuring ſtreams,
Fair Eleanor's loſs I deplore;
As alone by the Moon's ſilver beams,
I ſigh for the girl I adore.

When my flock's wander o'er the wide pla
To ſome thicket of woodbine I rove;
There I penſively tune ſome ſoft ſtrain,
Or ſing forth the praiſe of my love:
Where does my fair Eleanor ſtray,
Muſt I ne'er ſee the nymph any more:
Thus diſtracted, I mourn the long day,
And ſigh for the girl I adore.

When firſt I beheld the ſweet maid,
By moonlight, alone in the vale;
Far far from the village we ſtray'd,
Where I tenderly told the ſoft tale:
How long muſt I wander forlorn,
Ah! when will my ſorrows be o'er;
Such grief it can never be borne;
I ſigh for the girl I adore.

GO PEARLY TEAR.

GO pearly tear, flow down the ſtream,
And mingle with the briny flood;
Go enter Neptune's court ſupreme,
And bend before the wat'ry god:
Love ſhall its potent aid impart,
And tell thee when, and what to ſpeak;

ill teach thee how to gain his heart,
And how to ſmooth his furrow'd cheek!
nene'er his frowns diſturb the main,
With ſighs his gentle pity move;
then each angry look reſtrain,
And bid him ſpare "the youth I love."

tender ſigh! to yon clear ſpring,
And woo ſome playful zephyr there;
take thee on his roſy wing,
And bear thee to the God of war:
him unfold the tale of woe,
nd ſoftly whiſper in his ear;
ſource from whence my ſorrows flow,
e'll ſurely liſten to my prayer!
en Britain's ſons the fight ſuſtain'd,
ith tears, his gentle pity move;
when his thunders ſhake the main,
! bid him ſpare "the youth I love.

tender ſigh! and pearly tear,
When ye perceive the battle o'er),
t the winds and waves to bear
y faithful William ſafe to ſhore:
n fame ſhall round his manly brow,
he laurel wreath of conqueſt bind,
tear, freſh luſtre ſhall beſtow,
e ſigh, ſhall wave it in the wind!
Hymen, ſhall our hands unite,
nd every tender wiſh approve;
fill each breaſt with ſoft delight,
d bleſs me with "the youth I love."

SONG,—*In the Glorious Firſt of Junt.*

OUR line was form'd, the French lay to,
One ſigh I gave to Poll on ſhore;
Too cold I thought our laſt adieu,
Our parting kiſſes ſeem'd too few,
If we ſhould meet no more.
But love, avaſt! my heart is oak,
HOWE's daring ſignal floats on high;
I ſee through daring cannons ſmoke,
Their awful line ſubdu'd and broke;
They ſtrike, they ſink, they fly!

CHORUS.

Now danger's paſt, we'll drink and joke,
Sing, "Rule Britannia!" "Hearts of Oak"
And toaſt, before each martial tune,
"HOWE," and "the Glorious Firſt of Junt

My limbs ſtruck off, let ſoothing art,
The chance of war to Poll explain;
Proud of the loſs, I feel no ſmart,
But as it wrings my Polly's heart,
With ſympathetic pain.
Yet ſhe will think (with love ſo tried)
Each ſcar a beauty in my face,
And as I ſtrut, with martial pride,
On timbertoe, by Polly's ſide,
Will call my limp a grace.

Chorus. As danger's paſt,

wel to every ſea delight,
he cruize, with eager watchful days,
ſkilful chace by glim'ring night,
he well-work'd ſhip, the gallant fight,
lov'd commander praiſe.
et Polly's love and conſtancy,
prattling babes, more joy ſhall bring;
oud when my boys ſhall firſt at ſea,
w great Howe to victory!
nd ſerve our noble King.

Chorus. Then danger's paſt, &c.

SONG,—*In the ſame.*

R the vaſt ſurface of the deep.
Britain ſhall ſtill her empire keep;
heav'n deſcended charter, long
fav'rite theme of glory's ſong,
proclaim the bleſt decree
" Britons ever ſhall be free.

hoſtile bands in fierce array.
to diſpute the ſov'reign ſway,
ſavage fury, nurs'd in gore,
to deſpoil her ſilver ſhore;
n will approve its bleſt decree,
" Britons ever ſhall be free."

thus with Howe, illuſtrious name!
dding to a life of fame;
Gallia's proud armada broke,
Albion's wrath in thunder ſpoke!

While victory ſanction'd the decree,
That " Britons ever will be free."

Hail, happy Britain, favour'd iſle;
Where freedom, arts, and commerce ſmile
Long may thy GEORGE in glory prove
The tranſports of a nation's love;
Long reign to guard the bleſt decree,
That " Britons ever ſhall be free."

SONG,—*In Britain's Glory.*

HOPE, doubt, and fear, are winds and wa
More dreadful to the love-toſt mind
Than thoſe the ſkilful ſeaman braves,
Who leaves pale care and grief behind.

Yet oh! be ſtill, my frantic brain,
Let reaſon whiſper to thy ſcars,
My ſailor may return again,
Crown'd with ſucceſs, to dry my tears.

Britannia hail! thou mighty queen,
The ſtrength, the power, the ſeas are th
Long may thy power on juſtice lean,
To be preſerv'd, they muſt combine,

To courage ſingly ne'er reſort,
For virtue is thy true ſupport;
'Tis that alone can ſtrength maintain—
Be virtuous, and for ever reign.

EREIGNS of the WATERY WORLD

'REIGNS of the watry world,
Britons ſtill that right maintain;
n their conquering flag's unfurl'd
no dare frown upon the main?
Hence ye mad deluded ſlaves,
Britiſh Tars ſhall rule the waves

! the tritons ſound their ſhells,
tiſh valour to proclaim;
ne's ruffled boſom ſwells,
with joy for Albion's fame.
Hence, ye mad, &c.

e, ſubmiſſive to her fate,
oping; pining, feels the blow
enew'd, with dreadful weight,
'n her firſt by conquering Howe!
Hence, ye mad, &c.

ORT! gives the pond'rous ſtroke—
ves the daſtards from the ſea;
idſt thunder, fire, and ſmoke
ts upon his conquer'd prey.
Hence, ye mad, &c.

their tri-ſtain'd flags they haul!
each Briton glory ſhares!
pride once more does fall,
bled by brave Britiſh Tars.
Hence, ye mad, deluded ſlaves,
Britiſh Tars ſhall rule the waves!

SO DEARLY I LOVE JOHNNY O

YOUNG Sandy once a wooing came,
And fondly try'd to gain my heart;
He ſighed whene'er he own'd his flame,
But ſoon I gueſs'd his wily art.
Tho' ilka lad in tartan plaid,
Should came blithe and bonny O,
They'd try in vain my heart to gain,
So dearly I love Johnny O,

Tho' Johnny canna boaſt of wealth,
Contentment crowns his lowly ſtate,
His roſy cheeks denote ſweet health,
And goodneſs makes the laddie great.
In Aberdeen there ne'er was ſeen,
A youth ſo blithe and bonny O,
His flatt'ring tale can a' prevail,
So dearly I love Johnny O.

The other morn upon the bent
I met my lad ſo briſk and gay;
He vow'd unleſs I'd give conſent,
He'd o'er the hills and far away.
As home we ſtray'd, his pipes he play'd,
And ſang ſo ſweet and bonny O,
I made a vow to buckle too,
So dearly I love Johnny O,

THE KNAPSACK.—*Dibdin.*

I'VE health and I have ſpirits too,
Of work I've had my ſhare;
And when you go, for love of you,
I will your knapſack bear.

this reſolve e'er will I rue,
e both alike will fare;
ſtill content, for love of you,
will your knapſack bear.

gh thunders growl, and light'nings blue
flaſhes cleave the air,
arch content, for love of you,
d will your knapſack bear.

angers, hazardous and new,
e ſmile ſhall make me dare;
m'bring 'tis for love of you,
at I your knapſack bear.

LUBIN OF THE HILL.

ERE Loweſtoff waves its yellow corn,
Young Lubin does reſide;
mble ſtate, and lowly born,
void of fame or pride.
hepherd's boſom free from guile,
ows nought of art or ill:
ho can love and ſweetly ſmile,
e Lubin of the hill.

riches ſcorns to deck his cot,
ntent around him dwells;
ho' but few the ſheep he's got,
fleece all flocks excels!
by his care, they friſk and play,
rove about at will;
when I give my heart away,
Lubin of the hill.

But Hymen ſoon ſhall join our hands,
Young Lubin has confeſs'd;
And ſure when love cements the bands,
We muſt be truly bleſt.
My hand and heart has long been thine,
And ſhall, my ſhepherd, ſtill;
For who that's married can repine,
With Lubin of the hill.

NOTHING LIKE CHINK.—*Dibdi*

OH money, thou maſter of all things be
Of each chain thou'rt the principal l
What can purchaſe a friend, or can buy
foe,
Or make black appear white, like the c
Your lawyers, phyſicians, in ſhort ev'ry
Who to eat dip the pen in their ink,
Would they write, or adviſe, or conſul
preſcribe,
Were it not for the ſake of the chink!
Of men and women, high, low, great
ſmall,
'Tis the life, 'tis the victuals, the dri
'Tis a good univerſal acknowledg'd—all
Revive at the ſound of the chink.
No more talk of Cupid, for thine far a
His power to nothing could ſink;
I doat to diſtraction, can have her I lov
Alas! if I had but the chink.

THE FALCON.—*Dibdin.*

E falcon, tow'ring high in air,
Diſcries afar the turtle dove,
ching his neſt with anxious care,
nd waiting for his willing love.

can the victim's harmleſs cries,
e foe's inſatiate vengeance ſtay,
rapid pinions down he flies,
d pounces on his tender prey.

THE VILLAGE GIRL.—*Dibdin.*

UNG Doll, a comely village girl,
Was courted by a huge young 'ſquire,
offer'd diamonds, gold, and pearl,
goſſip Fame's a wounded liar:
But to honeſt Doll
Virtue was all,
could ne'er get nothing by her;
And for all his jeer,
With a flea in his ear,
cking ſent this huge rich 'ſquire.

ay as he had hunting been,
ne croſs the fields this huge rich 'ſquire;
fineſt horſe that e'er was ſeen,
ſpying Doll, was all on fire.
Doll, in a fright,
Saw him alight,
n o'er bramble and o'er brier;

But, in the nick,
What a cunning trick,
The gypſy play'd this huge rich 'ſquire.

Finding herſelf quite overtook,
She cried out to this huge rich 'ſquire:
I fear my father ſees us—look
Over the hedge a little higher.
While he upon
This work was gone,
Doll mounts his horſe, and in the mire;
Of hope bereft,
She fairly left,
To curſe his ſtars, this huge rich 'ſquire.

WHERE IS MY LOVER GONE.—*D*

ALAS! where is my lover gone?
In all the world I have but one,
Near to my heart his image fits,
And 'twas for him I loſt my wits.

Where art though fled, my only dear?
To find thee they have ſent me here;
Thou'lt cure, they ſay, theſe love-ſick
And give me back again my wits.

Haſte then, to pleaſure ſhew the way,
For now in doubt and fear I ſtray,
My brain with dubious torments ſplits;
Haſte, haſte, and give me back my wi

CROCHETINI.—*Dibdin.*

N Crochetini loves attend,
Each day ſome beauty to diſcover,
rudent age to find a friend,
nd make of ev'ry youth a lover.

raviſhed birds in throngs appear,
here, with her notes, the woods are ring-
ing,
nightingales with pleaſure hear,
o borrow ſweetneſs from her ſinging.

T A MONKEY BUT A MAN.—*Dibdin.*

WHY is the devil in you,
Or are you ſuch a ninny
elieve of you ſhe'll ever think, perſuade
her all you can;
No, no, whate'er believe you,
Your hopes will all deceive you,
girl of ſenſe will yield to—not a monkey,
but a man.

Zounds can that hat and feather,
Or the coxcomb altogether,
quire of ſilk, a mandrake—a mere flaſh
in the pan;
His pretty ſelf admiring,
Be ought but hate inſpiring,
n a woman always yields to—not a mon-
key, but a man.

Then give this folly over,
Nor longer play the lover,
For I plainly tell you 'tis a mighty ſilly p
Or, ſpite of all your vap'ring,
I'll ſo finely ſpoil your capering,
You ſhall own this arm belongs to—n
monkey, but a man.

LIE STILL POOR HEART.—*Dib*

WHEN Winifred's gone far away,
Her's peeviſh, and her pouts,
Long, very long's the live long day,
And then her clours and clouts,
And feels, look you, her can't tell how:
And as her vents and heaves her ſighs,
Softly to her poor heart her cries,
Lie ſtill poor heart, I pray you now.

But when her ſkips amongſt her goats,
And Shenkin hears her voice's notes:
Sweet voice, on which ſo much ſhe do
Again her feels her can't tell how;
The fluttering fool within her breaſt
Is joyful, gay, and alſo bleſt,
And vain her cries, to make it reſt,
Lie ſtill poor heart, I pray you now.

'Tis ſtrange, and 'tis alſo odd,
And 'tis moreover ſad,
That Cupid's ſuch a deviliſh god,
To drive poor lover's mad,

crief to feel her can't tell how:
'is melancholies, and 'tis ſmart,
nd fain her ſwiſpers to her heart,
till poor heart, I pray you now.

t ſoon this urchin, and this boy,
nat makes fond lover's hearts his toy,
rns melancholy into joy,
then her ſells her can't tell how:
'tis a palſam to her ſmart,
hold her to her ſlut'tring heart,
d cry at every peat and ſtart,
till poor heart, I pray you now.

AVEN-BORN FREEDOM.—*Dibdin.*

HEN heav'n-born freedom hail'd this happy iſle,
e firſt emporium in her wide domain:
great beheſt, with a celeſtial ſmile,
e will'd—and ne'er may freedom will in vain.

Would you poſſeſs the ſweets of liberty,
Britons be loyal, ſo ſhall ye be free.

Briton blind to duty's pleaſing force!
Tis as if ſpirits ſhould from bodies ſtray:
erring planets wander from their courſe,
Eclips'd the influence of the ſolar ray.

" Would ye poſſeſs, &c.

" Such duty from the grateful heart as flo
To bounteous heav'n, for benefits that f
" Such duty as the ſon the father owes,
" Owe ye your king; the father to you
Would ye poſſeſs,

Rejoice ye Britons! Freedom's ſon rejoic
Laud in your grateful lays a patriot king
Fir'd with one ſoul, one ſentiment, one v
To ratify the glorious compact, ſing.

So may we taſte the ſweets of liberty;
As we are loyal, ſo may we be free.

THE RUSTIC FAIR.—*Dibdin.*

WOULD ye ſee the world in little,
Ye curious here repair,
We'll ſuit you to a tittle,
At this our ruſtic fair.

We've glitt'ring baits to catch you,
As tempting as at court:
With whim for whim we'll match you,
And give you ſport for ſport.

From a ſceptre to a rattle,
We've every thing in toys,
For infants that ſcarce prattle,
To men who ſtill are boys.

Cock-horſes, and ſtate coaches,
In gingerbread are ſold,

, parliament, gilt watches,
d horns all tipt with gold.
if for fine parade you go,
here and ſee our puppet ſhew.

lk in here ladies and gentlemen; here
e the Queen of Sheba, and King Solomon
his glory; you think that figure's alive,
is no more alive than I am!
While the pipes and the tabors rend the air,
Haſte neighbours to the fair.

s your ſweepſtakes, and your races,
all your fighting cocks,
horſe-collar grimaces,
girls that run for ſmocks?
obs can ſwivle noſes,
ingle-ſtick who fight,
ll as your Mendozas,
ugh not quite ſo polite:
ir deceptions neater,
your keen rooks allowed,
s yonder fire-eater,
queers the gaping crowd?
oaſt not tricks ſo noxious,
genteel life beſpeaks,
gler's hixious doxious,
diſtance all the greeks.
aroah and his hoſt be found,
ch our nimble merry-go-round?

Put in here, put in, put in! every bla
prize! down with it and double it, tw
can play as well as one.

While the pipes,

Hear yon mountebank assure ye,
Of diseases by the score,
A single dose shall cure ye:
Can Warwick-lane do more?
Wid virligigs, tetotums,
Yon Jew's imposhing faish,
Shall cheat you here in no times,
All one as in Duke's-place.
Hark, yonder, making merry,
Full many a happy clown!
For champaign who drink perry,
As good as that in town.
Then for fights, we've apes, and monki
Some on four legs, some on two;
Tall women, dwarfs, cropt donkies,
For all the world like you.
Then would ye Ranelagh find out,
What think ye of our Roundabout.

Walk in ladies and gentlemen! the
booth in the fair; here ye may make the
tower of the world; would ye ride in t
ravan, the expedition, the land frigat
the dilly! fourteen miles in fifteen hours,
and gentlemen!

While the pipe

GO, PROUD LOVER, GO!—*Dibdin.*

O, proud lover, go!
Take your heart back again;
r me 'tis too low,
Too unworthy a chain.
haughty, imperious, this gipsy despise;
u rise but to fall, while I fall to rise.

ue love, never erring,
Has no selfish fears;
at, the more 'tis conferring,
The nobler appears:
as no fordid views, no vile ends for its guide,
is ungovern'd by int'rest, uninfluenc'd by pride.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.—*Dibdin.*

HEN we promise an heir or a miser,
This gold, that his father's free land,
e pause, and look grave, to seem wiser,
And his fortune read in his hand.

Miss at fifteen would discover
When she'll like her mother be wise,
promise a handsome young lover,
Her fortune we read in her eyes.

t if husbands with jealousy quaking,
Would know if they are—you know how,
consider—our heads gravely shaking—
And their fortunes read on the brow.

THE TIPSEY HIBERNIAN.

YOU may talk about drinking your claret and whiskey,
A jolly companion may term a mere toper,
Since a sup of the creature first render'd me frisky,
Bad luck to my glass but I ne'er could keep sober;
Let it be where it might,
By sunshine or moonlight,
So cleverly pleasant, the toping time past,
That to raise up from table,
I never was able,
'Til tipsey, the bottle came round so fast.

When I pleasantly breath'd in the land of potatoes,
Quite jolly, one day, I determined so neatly,
To keep myself sober, among the sweet creatures;
So rose just before I was knock'd up completely;
But on bidding good bye,
Just to wet to'ther eye,
Dough'a Durus, a drink at the door I must taste;
As there was no denying,
They found me complying.
And tipsey, the bottle came round so fast.

At a snug monthly club where we always meet weekly,
They've white-wash'd the wall all red over with brushes,
Because 'twas observ'd by myself most obliquely,
Our features look'd fairest when cover'd with blushes,
Here we talk and we drink,
And leave others to think,
Oh! the brave jolly moments I with them have past!
And tho' quite a full table,
To rise I'm unable,
Til tipsey, the bottle comes round so fast!

day in my cups I was merily rowing,
friend took my part, ſays he "Pat, why you're
"tipſey!"
h! where have you been now, and where are you
going,
u've din'd out, drank hard, and are quite non
ſe ipſe!
Says I, prating elf,
No I din'd by myſelf,
way to keep ſober I plann'd out at laſt;
But to riſe up from table
'Til drunk I war'n't able,
ſe, then the bottle came round ſo faſt.

JACK JUNK.—*Dibdin.*

WAS one day at Wapping his danger's o'er-
hauling,
k Junk cock'd his jemmy and broach'd a full can,
le a poſſee of neighbours of each different calling,
ied only but hear what a marvellous man:
, cri'd out Jack, what's there marvellous in it,
n his time's come, the ſtouteſt of hearts muſt
comply.

hy now you maſter tallow-chandler, by way of
ving a little light on the ſubject, don't you
'tis better to be extinguiſhed when one's
ng in defence of one's King and country, than
y at home lingering and go out like the ſnuff of
ndle?)

like men do your duty, we all have our minute,
at ſea or aſhore we ſhall live 'til we die,
Hurraw, hurraw boys, let's live 'til we die.

Why now you maſter plumber, that marvels
billows,
I ſhall founder a ſea, and you'll die in your
What of that? ſome have ſods, and ſome waves
their pillows,
And 'tis likely enough we may both die of lead;
And as for the odds, all the difference that's in it,
I ſhall pop off at once, and you'll lingering lie.

(Why ſmite my crooked timbers, who knows
maſter Snip there may ſlip his cable and breat
back with taking the ninth part of a fall off of
ſhopboard into his own hell.)

Then like men, &c.

As for you maſter bricklayer, to make out
calling,
A little like mine e'n't a matter that's hard,
Pray mayn't you from a ladder or ſcaffold be falli
As eaſy as I from a ratling or yard:
Then for you its commiſſion a tale may bring in
As ſoon as a ſhot or a ſplinter for I.

(As for maſter doctor, the undertaker, and ſe
ton, they don't want no wipe from me, they
too many folks contented to their long home no
know how to go there contentedly themſelves.)

Then like men, &c.

And when captain Death comes the reckoning
ſettle,
You may clear ſhip for action as much as you
And behave like a man but he's ſuch weight of me
At the very firſt broadſide the braveſt muſt ſtrike
And when you have ſaid all you can what's there in
Who to ſcud 'gainſt a ſtorm but a lubber would

(For as to qualms of conſcience, cheating cuſto
ers, betraying friends, and ſuch like, being a ſet
honeſt tradeſmen I dare ſay you are perfectly
about they ſort of things.)

Then like men, &c.

BOB HALYARD OF DOVER.

TRUE jolly fellow was Halyard of Dover,
So open and merry, good-natur'd and free,
brav'd toils and perils, had fail'd the world over,
o tar knew his duty e'er better than he.
ever was ready a friend could he ſerve,
e the cauſe of diſtreſs made his own,
his word or his honour he never would ſwerve,
a meſſmate in tatters diſown:
his fellow for ſinging, for dancing, and fun,
defy you to find tho' you ſearch the world o'er;
ſail'd with tight fellows, but ne'er met with one,
lf ſo much to my mind as Bob Halyard of Dover.

a heart gay and cheerful, as light as a feather,
ro' life his trim veſſel did merrily ſail,
e'er would deſpair howe'er boiſt'rous the weather,
vaunted when ſailing 'fore fortune's kind gale;
tho' by falſe friends he'd been treated unkind,
d been thrice cheated out of his pay:
the girl whom he lov'd had prov'd fickle as wind
d with treachery his faith did repay;
is fellow for ſinging, for dancing and fun,
defy you to find tho' you ſearch the world over;
ſail'd with tight fellows but ne'er met with one,
lf ſo much to my mind as Bob Halyard of Dover.

once as our Frigate we bravely defended,
inſt a Frenchman who thought us off priſoners to bring,
a ſhot from the foe, poor Halyard's life ended,
ile gallantly aiding his country and King;
the victory was ours, yet when we all knew,
t our ſhipmate Bob Halyard was gone,
and ſorrow like light'ning, flew throughout the crew,
ry heart was depreſs'd and forlorn.
For his fellow for ſinging, &c.

LIFE IS LIKE A DANCE.—*Dibdin*

THIS life is like a country dance,
The world a ſpacious ball room,
In which ſo many take a prance,
They ſcarcely find for all room.
Fiddlers, and pipers, in a row,
See how the ranks are cloſing,
Each ſtrives his neighbour's faults to ſhew,
While he's his own expoſing.

(Pray Ma'am what dance have you call
Matrimony Ma'am. The figure is extre
eaſy, you turn ſingle, run away with
partner, lead up the middle, back to
part and change partners).

Thus buſied in the fond turmoil,
They time by folly meaſure,
Turn all their pleaſures into toil,
And fancy toil a pleaſure.

Some in full dance with ardour burn,
And ſwim, and glide, and wander;
While others, waiting for their turn,
Sneer, ſmile, and deal out ſlander.
" And ſo the Count muſt run away!
" Why really I'm afraid ſo;
" His flirt has ruined him at play:
" Poor man, I always ſaid ſo."

(Oh no doubt about it:—kept by a p
cian before ſhe came to the Count!—duel
a young apothecary!—ſyringes loaded

eptic pills?—'Tis your turn to begin Sir:
ir I beg your pardon)."

Thus buſied in the fond turmoil, &c.

y they prance it, ſmall and big,
rown, ginger, fair, and grizzle,
ord ma'am you diſconcert my wig,
'Twas you Sir touched my frizzle!"
ight hand and left, the figure mind,
Lord what are you about ma'am?
y dear Miſs Giggle you are blind,
My Lady Fuzz you're out ma'am!
" Lord ma'am you ſhould conſider that
dance is my Lord Mayor's Feaſt:—it be-
with a ſet to, and finiſhes with a reel)."

Thus buſied in the fond turmoil, &c.

s dance ſucceeding after dance,
s if old nick had got 'em,
y ſcandal vent, and flirt, and prance,
nd foot it to the bottom.
s having made for others ſport,
n regular rotation,
h ſwinging intereſt they retort
n them the obligation.
Lord, did you ever ſee ſuch a fright as
woman! rubbed it all off on one ſide of
face! But look at that man, with his
calves turned before!—Come, come,
es and gentlemen, a new dance.—Strike
None ſo pretty)."

Thus buſied, &c.

THINK NOT I PRESUME.—*Dibdin*

PRAY ladies think not I preſume
The art of love to teach you!
Proficients long ago become,
My counſel could not reach you:
A hint I offer, nothing more,
For your determination,
Love's myſteries would you explore,
Obſerve the feather'd nation.
As in a mirror, may you there,
Of love, make your elections,
As you chooſe ribbons at a fair,
To ſuit with all complexions.

The cuckoo, that one fulſome tale
Vaunts over ſo, and over,
May ſooner than the dove prevail,
With ſome, by way of lover:
But I have heard the laughing loves,
More truly aim their arrows,
When Venus harneſſes her doves,
Than when ſhe's drawn by ſparrows.
But if the ſmalleſt hint by you
To this ſhould be objected,
With deference, ſo much your due,
I ſoon ſhall ſtand corrected.

The peacock, with ſuch ſtately pride,
His haughty boſom throbbing,
May ſcorn, while hopping by his ſide,
The bleſt, though humble robin:

t ſparingly true joy is lent,
To envy, pride, and malice:
s ſaid a cottage, and content,
Sometimes outweighs a palace:
t may, againſt my playful verſe,
No fit of anger ſeize you:
ould not, for the univerſe,
Do ought that could diſpleaſe you.

s, pies, and all the chattering crew,
To folly giv'n and pleaſure,
y turn to jeſt the choſen few,
Who love by virtue meaſure:
ſo the grateful nightingale,
Who, ſoon as evening cloſes,
orgies offers in the vale,
To heav'n ere he repoſes.
this you'll judge as of the reſt,
et while the ſmile's beginning,
you turn counſel to a jeſt,
ake care that laughing's winning.

FASCINATING WAR.—*Dibdin.*

HAT art thou, faſcinating war,
Thou trophied, painted peſt,
t thus men ſeek, and they abhor,
urſue, and yet deteſt?
honour and remorſe the ſame?
oes murder laurels bring?
pine glory? carnage fame?
es crime on victʼry's wing?

Their wrongs ſhe who never will return,
Their woes, that but ſurvive to mourn,
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets ſtrike the ear,
Shall from the braveſt wreſt the ſigh,
That ſtarts ſoft pity's tear.

Where will ambition's folly reach!
Sure nature ne'er deſign'd
Her noble gifts an art ſhould teach,
To man, to thin his kind!
Well they deſerve their country's care,
In its defence who fight,
Who bulwarks of their nation are,
Its glory, its delight:
Yet for their wrongs, who ne'er return,
Their woes, who but ſurvive to mourn,
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the ear,
The truly brave ſhall heave a ſigh,
Shall vent kind pity's tear.

Then do not for an empty name
A phantom thus purſue:
Think, that if glory mark thy fame,
Murder ſhall mark it too.
Reaſon, and peace, and love dwell here,
And, if for others woe,
We heave the ſigh, and ſtart the tear,
From guilt they never flow.

ſtay, leſt thou ſhould'ſt ne'er return,
I ſhould but ſurvive to mourn,
, when the battle rages high,
en to the charge the legions fly,
nd trumpets cleave the ear,
fate demand the generous ſigh,
nd mine the pitying tear.

LOVE's A CHEAT.—*Dibdin.*

VE's a cheat; we over-rate it;
A flatt'ring, falſe, deceitful joy;
ry nothing can create it,
very nothing can deſtroy.

light'ning's flaſh, which wondering leaves
us,
oſcur'd and darker than before;
glow-worm's tinſel, which deceives us,
painted light, and nothing more.

SPINETTA.—*Dibdin.*

HY am not I that fragrant flow'r,
Near to heart Spinetta plac'd;
h proudly living a ſweet hour,
ed on that boſom it had grac'd?

am not I that gentle gale
at plays around her coral lips,
reath like violets to exhale,
ich there eternal nectar ſips?

Why am not I that cryſtal wave,
At ſultry noon with pride that heav'd:
To which her heav'nly form ſhe gave,
Which thought 'twas Venus it received?

Gods, had I been the limpid ſtream!—
But whither do my ſenſes rove?
Sunk in a dear delicious dream,
All things ſeem poſſible to love.

LIBERTY.—*Dibdin.*

YES, yes, thank heav'n, I've broke the chain;
And while my liberty I gain,
While I my heart redeem,
Indifference ſucceeds at laſt,
And my egregious follies paſt
Appear an idle dream.

Thus from a falſe injurious ſnare,
The linnet timid, unaware,
Hardly eſcapes with pain;
The feathers he has left behind,
Are leſſons to him to remind
Not to be caught again.

The warrior bravely counts each ſcar,
Deſcribes the peril of the war,
Well pleaſed his dangers o'er,
The ſlave at laſt exempt from pain,
With ſmiles beholds that very chain
Which held him to the oar.

GAFFER GRAY.

)! why doſt thou ſhiver and ſhake Gaffer
Gray,
why doth thy noſe look ſo blue?
" 'Tis the weather that's cold,
" 'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new;
" Well-a-day!"

, line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaffer
Gray,
warm thy old heart with a glaſs.
" Nay but credit I've none,
" And my money's all gone,
Then ſay how may that come to paſs.
" Well-a-day!"

way to the houſe on the brow, Gaffer
Gray,
knock at the jolly prieſt's door.
" The prieſt often preaches
" Againſt worldly riches;
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
" Well-a-day!"

awyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray,
ly fenc'd both in back and in front.
" He will faſten his locks,
" And will threaten the ſtocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
" Well-a-day!"

The 'ſquire has fat beeves and brown
Gaffer Gray,
And the ſeaſon will welcome you there.
" The fat beeves and his beer,
" And his merry new year,
" Are all for the fluſh and the fair,
" Well-a-day !"

My keg is but low I confeſs, Gaffer Gra
What then, while it laſts man, we'll live
The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morſel, a morſel will give,
Well-a-day !

LOVE SHALL BE MY GUIDE

THO' ſcarce ſixteen by men I'm told,
A maiden I ſhall die :
My parents ſay I'm much too bold,
Or elſe I'm very ſhy ;
So how to pleaſe I cannot tell,
They all my actions chide ;
To all their rules I'll bid farewell,
And love ſhall be my guide.

My lowly cot can boaſt no wealth,
But that I do not mind ;
For all I aſk is peace and health,
And one dear youth that's kind.
Tho' at my feet rich ſuitors kneel,
I turn my head aſide ;

affion for them can I feel,
r love muſt be my guide.

er the plain each morn I ſtray,
void of grief or care:
n meet upon my way,
Swain of beauty rare.
nodeſt looks beſpeak much truth,
ſeems to know no pride,
when I'm woo'd by ſuch a youth,
s love ſhall be my guide.

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.

NG Strephon met me on the green,
The lad was ſomewhat mellow,
egance of form and mien
ever ſaw his fellow.
z'd my hand, to kiſs me try'd,
ade a good reſiſtance,
reaking from him frowning cry'd,
end, prithee keep your diſtance.

rdon, ſince no harm he meant,
hop'd I'd not refuſe him,
e appear'd ſo penitent,
uld not but excuſe him;
w'd he'd lov'd me many a day,
me but priz'd exiſtence:
ll to all that he could ſay,
y'd, friend, keep your diſtance.

But if to his confeſſion true,
The youth his hand ſhould proffer,
I ſcarcely know what I ſhould do,
Refuſe or take his offer.
I rather think to gain my mind,
He'll not want much aſſiſtance;
I feel myſelf not much inclin'd,
To cry, friend, keep your diſtance.

OH! NANNY.

OH! Nanny, wilt thou fly with me,
Nor ſigh to leave the charming to
Can ſilent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and ruſſet gown.
No longer dreſt in ſilken ſheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare!
Say can'ſt thou quit the buſy ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair.

O Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not caſt a wiſh behiud;
Say can'ſt thou face the flaky ſnaw,
Nor ſhrink before the warping wind.
O can that ſaft and gentleſt mien,
Severeſt hardſhips learn to bear;
Nor ſad, regret each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair.

O Nanny, can'ſt thou love ſo true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae:
Or when thy ſwain miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with him the pang of wae.

when invading pains befal,
ilt thou aſſume the nurſe's care,
wiſhful, thoſe gay ſcenes recal,
here thou wert faireſt of the fair.

when, at laſt thy love ſhall die,
ilt thou receive his parting breath;
thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
d cheer with ſmiles the bed of death.
wilt thou, o'er his much lov'd clay,
ew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,
hen regret thoſe ſcenes ſo gay,
here thou wert faireſt of the fair.

OM THIS ROOF WILLY WENT.

OM this roof young Willy went,
When the lark firſt left its bed;
pring, be my love content,
o diſtant vales muſt tread.
hen ev'ning's ſtar appears,
ro' the dews I'll ſeek this ſpot:
e kiſs away thy tears,
s with grief I leave the cot.

e ſaid, then ſtrode away,
r the heathy mountain far:
uide him, leſt he ſtray,
e thou bleſſed ev'ning ſtar!
beams!—and hark his ſong!
etly to my ear 'tis borne,
my ſhepherd trips along,
thful to his vows at morn.

DONNA DELLA.

WHEN Cupid firſt his trade began,
From fair to fair he blindly ran:
Donna donna donna della;
No bribe could lure him from the breaſt,
No charm his active arm arreſt:
When once the fatal bow-ſtring preſt,
Donna donna donna della.

But ſoon by prudent grey-beards caught,
The little wanton god was taught,
Donna donna donna della.
He aim'd not blindly as of old,
His arrows blunted were with gold:
Like other traffick bought and ſold,
Donna donna donna della.

And now with int'reſt hand in hand,
He holds the world at his command,
Donna donna donna della.
And ſure it is if ſpite of art,
He chance to touch an honeſt heart:
That age forgot to tip the dart,
Donna donna donna della.

CONTENTMENT.—*Dibdin.*

CONTENTMENT loſt, each other tre
To eaſe the mind eſſays in vain,
Riches and pomp take place of pleaſure,
And miſery leads the ſplendid train.

une poſſeſſing, not enjoying,
aſting the ſenſes, not the mind ;
gue purſuits our time employing,
e graſp at all, and nothing find.

NO WAIST AT ALL.

HILE others declaim on the faſhions of life,
nd talk of the beauty or waiſt of a wife,
vot'ries of pleaſure around me I call,
declare for a fav'rite with no waiſt at all,
certain am I that you'll cordially join,
you hear that her name is a Bumper of Wine.

oys that ſhe yields us all others ſurpaſs,
ge of her bloom robs the loveliеſt laſs :
me to mine gives an additional zeſt,
he older ſhe grows we ſtill like her the beſt ;
charms then ſo laſting, I truſt you will join,
devotions with me to a Bumper of Wine.

d the fair even chance but to viſit my friend,
rtain no jealouſy e'er cou'd attend,
he ſlighteſt acquaintance ſuch pleaſures you'd give,
might chooſe it to laſt, as long as they'd ve,
r one I'm certain wou'd ever repine,
ing her mates with a Bumper of Wine.

A libation we'll pour, let the ſentiment be
May England for ever reign Queen of the
May her ſoldiers and ſailors who hazard
lives,
Enjoy a full bottle at home with their
Their efforts united they'll cheerfully join,
To drown all their cares, in a Bumper of

YOUNG HAL CALL'D SOFTLY.

YOUNG Hal called ſoftly, riſe my dear,
'Tis I your true love, can't you hear?
He tapp'd and tapp'd, impatient grown,
Again he call'd and ſaid:
Why Nancy, love, won't you come down
No, no, replied the maid.

The wind is bleak, the night is dark,
Diſturb'd, the village watch-dogs bark;
Full five long miles for thee I've come,
O'er dreary moorlands ſtray'd:
Riſe from thy bed and make me room,
No, no, replied the maid.

Then doleful turn'd he from the door,
And curs'd his fate, and love foreſwore!
But as he turn'd he heard the key,
As tho' to creak afraid!
You'll not prove falſe, ſure whiſper'd ſhe,
No, no, my charming maid.

ice kiſs'd the lovers, thrice the clock
on the bell; thrice crow'd the cock;
ſtill right loth was Hal to go,
ho' Nancy beg'd and pray'd:
the laughing neighbours cried oh ho!
it ſo, my pretty maid.

E GRACES OF THE MIND.—*Dibdin.*

vain, dear friends, each art you try,
To neither lover's ſuit inclin'd;
outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
t prize the graces of the mind.

empty coxcomb, which you choſe,
ſt like the flower of a day;
k by each wind that folly blows,
ems born to flutter and decay.

choice an honeſt aſpect wears,
give him pain I oft have griev'd;
t proceeded from my fears,
an me, much wiſer are deceived.

nk you both then for your love,
ait for my choice a little while;
e who moſt ſhall worthy prove,
hand I'll offer with a ſmile.

PRELUDE TO AULD ROBIN GRAY

JEMMY.

FAREWELL! farewell! that ſigh
Forbids me to depart:
To fickle tempeſts fly,
But leave with thee my heart.
Thy love my heart ſtill cheers,
The magnet's not more true;
The pilot widely ſteers,
Yet my heart points to you.

JENNY.

Adieu, but not for aye,
When preſent pleaſure grew;
With Jemmy all was gay,
With Jemmy gayneſs flew.
Ah! when will James return,
To gladden Jenny's heart?
With woe till then I burn,
What ſadneſs 'tis to part!

BOTH.

And muſt we part, farewell!
No kind embraces bear:
My anguiſh ceaſe to tell,
Ah! ceaſe whilſt Jemmy's here.
The fleeting hours ſoon paſt,
Whilſt Jemmy ſtay'd with me:
The moments fly too faſt,
Now Jemmy's forced to ſea.

THE GYPSIES.—*Dibdin.*

OME here, ye fair; come here each lover,
That lot dame Fortune would conceal;
croſs my hand, and I'll diſcover,
'm miſtreſs of her and her wheel,

trembling age we boldly promiſe,
n ſpight of nature, years of health;
lows receive new huſbands from us,
nd young men all their father's wealth.

give the fair, love's influence under,
oung lovers conſtant all their lives;
, we e'en dare—a greater wonder,
o promiſe huſbands faithful wives.

E OTHERS THE TASK.—*Dibdin.*

others the ungracious taſk,
Of judging my too thoughtleſs ſex;
nvy dreſs'd in candor's maſk,
hat even virtue's ſelf ſuſpects.

e be the better, kinder part,
hile I examine well my own,
ity and forgive the heart,
hat has tranſgreſs'd from love alone.

n Juſtice with unſhaken hand,
rung from neceſſity and time;
laws be kept which rule mankind
ay fix the forfeit price of crime.

Judges of a ſofter kind,
Frail error well has reaſon given;
Pity—perfection of the mind,
And Mercy—fav'rite child of heaven.

BACCHUS.—*Dibdin.*

BACCHUS come, thy vot'ry own me,
'Tis ſaid that thou all cares can'ſt end;
A perjur'd fair has baſely flown me,
Fled with a falſe perfidious friend.

Let's drink!—'tis true my ſorrows paſs,
New joys exhilarate my ſoul,
I find a friend in every glaſs,
And a kind miſtreſs in the bowl.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.—*Dibdin.*

WOULD'ST error leave, to follow truth
Would'ſt all thy cares ſhould end;
Turn here thy ſteps, miſguided youth,
And liſten to a friend.
Nor to ſeverity auſtere,
Nor fond indulgence, lean;
But ſeek fair moderation, here
She holds the golden mean.

From that hand which profuſely gives,
Can any bleſſing fall?
Or who a joy from that derives,
Which churl refuſes all?

rn then, thy errors to atone,
And ſteer a courſe between;
r moderation 'tis alone,
That holds the golden mean.

THE RECRUITS.—*Dibdin.*

ITH mingled ſound of drum and fife,
We follow the recruiting life;
d as we march through every fair,
ke girls admire, and bumpkins ſtare.

h bumpers full we ply Sir Clown,
elſe produce the well-tim'd crown;
d liſting firſt the ſturdy elves,
gain their ſweethearts for ourſelves.

OMISE OUT OF SEASON.—*Dibdin.*

Made a promiſe to be wiſe,
But 'twas a promiſe out of ſeaſon;
much ſo, that I'm ſure he lies,
Who ſays he always follows Reaſon.

on grew tir'd of Wiſdom's dream,
And turning from pale Melancholy;
l on the oppoſite extreme;
But I at laſt grew tired of Folly.

us ſeparate: what was next to do?
Perhaps 'twould keep them to their tether;
could work upon theſe two,
To live in harmony together.

After, of courſe, a little ſtrife,
'Twas ſettled, without farther pother;
One ſhould be treated as a wife,
And only as a miſtreſs t'other.

Her portion of my joys and cares
Now each, by my appointment, meaſure
Reaſon conducts all my affairs,
And Folly manages my pleaſures.

THE SOLDIER's FUNERAL.—*Dibdin*

THE martial pomp, the mournful train,
Beſpeak ſome honoured hero ſlain;
The obſequies denote him brave,
Hark! the volley o'er his grave:
The awful knell ſounds low and lorn,
Yet ceaſe ye kindred brave to mourn.

The plaintive fife and muffled drum,
The man may ſummon to his ſilent home;
The ſoldier lives!—his deeds to trace,
Behold the Seraph Glory place
An ever-living laurel round his ſacred tomb.

Nor deem it hard ye thoughtleſs gay,
Short's man's longeſt earthly ſtay;
Our little hour of life we try,
And then depart:—we're born to die.
Then loſe no moment dear to fame,
They longeſt live who live in name.

The plaintive fife, &c.

THE BEST EMPLOY.—*Dibdin.*

ELL me neighbour, tell me plain,
Which is the beſt employ?
t love, whoſe very pain
They ſay is perfect joy?
t war, whoſe thund'ring ſound
eard at ſuch a diſtance round?
t to have the miſer's hoard?
t to be with learning ſtor'd?
t gay Pegaſus to rein,
l me, neighbour, tell me plain?

, no, will anſwer every honeſt ſoul,
e beſt employ's to puſh about the bowl.

RICH IN LOVE.—*Dibdin.*

HEN well one knows to love and pleaſe,
What diſtreſſes can one prove;
at can rob that heart of eaſe,
oſſeſs'd of pleaſure, rich in love?

s; without this ſovereign good,
Whoſe power no Emperor can ſtay;
nes, rank, or noble blood,
onours, titles, what are they!

tender look's to lovers worth,
ore treaſure than the Indies own;
les are the empire of the earth,
he arms of thoſe we love a throne.

THE LITTLE WAIST DEFENDED.

IN defence of her ſex ſure a woman may ſpeak,
Pray what is it now that you men would be a
Do you think that we mind each occaſion you ſeek
To laugh at our dreſs, little waiſts, and all that
No don't Sirs believe it, ſuch nonſenſe muſt fall,
Convinc'd, when we look but a moment about us
That whether we've all waiſt or no waiſt at all,
You can't for the life of you men do without us
That whether,

'Tis filly to ſport with our fancies and dreſs,
When we can ſubdue whenever we pleaſe;
For ſure we've the power, you all muſt confeſs,
To make you aſk pardon for that on your knees.
Then prithee dear Sirs, leave our ſhort waiſts alone
'Tis the whim of the day, and we'll have it don
doubt us,
So give o'er your jeſting, and candidly own,
You can't for the life of you men do without u
And whether,

That women have tongues, I believe you well know
But pray do not force us to put them in uſe;
For ſure if you give them but freedom to go,
You'll find it a hard thing to ſtop their abuſe,
Beſides look at home on the dreſs of yourſelves,
With your Spencers and Pantaloons flocking abo
us;
But I tell ye again O, ye confident elves,
You can't for the life of you men do without u
And whether,

THE GREYHOUND.

THE dew lightly fell on the ſweet brier thorn,
Aurora proclaim'd it was day;
Shrill echo repeated the ſound of the horn,
Which zephyr bore ſoftly away.

dogs were uncoupled the chace none did lack;
When Trowler a ſtaunch mettled hound;
t once was the boaſt of the loud op'ning pack,
rawl'd forth to the muſical ſound.

years he untival'd was held far and near,
s ſtaunch as e'er follow'd the chace;
r hedge ditch and ſtile would ſkim light as air,
Till age made him ſlacken his pace.
n'd out of the pack, yet unwilling to yield,
The remains of a mettleſome hound;
he huntſman's loud ſhout would hie to the field,
nd yelp to the muſical ſound.

as once when with hunting our ſpeed 'gan to lag,
nd ſportſmen with dogs were behind;
t Trowler like light'ning flew after the ſtag,
nd made him his prey fleet as wind.
now blind and feeble, of vigour bereft,
carce able to ſtray o'er the ground;
token remaining of former ſtrength left,
o follow the muſical ſound.

penſing at laſt to poverty's food,
e droop'd with old age lean and poor;
ile huntſmen recount his worth once ſo good,
nd many a virtue tell o'er.
more the gay chace he awakes in the morn,
or ſtretching himſelf on the ground;
ears faintly heard the ecchoing horn,
nd died to the muſical ſound.

e PLEASURES of HUNTING and DRINKING.

T Philoſophers boaſt of their wiſdom profound,
And ſtateſmen on kingdoms debate;
faſhion's gay vot'ries purſue folly's rounds,
nd pedants on gravity prate.

But far wiſer the man who quite free from vain ſtri
Ne'er loſes his time in dry thinking.
But in jovial contentment devotes his whole life,
To the pleaſures of hunting and drinking.

Wine ennobles the mind and ſubdues every care,
While the chace ruddy vigour ſupplies;
Thus good liquor aſſiſted by ſweet wholeſome air,
Each ſorrow, each ſickneſs defies.
Then come joyous hearts puſh about the briſk bow
And ne'er from your glaſs be caught ſhrinking;
For of all the delights that enrapture the ſoul,
Sure none are like hunting and drinking.

When the mellow-tongued hound and the huntſma
ſhrill horn,
To the fields glorious paſtimes invite;
Like ſons of great Nimrod, we enjoy the freſh mor
And like ſons of gay Bacchus the night.
Then hark forward brave fellows and nobly diſdai
E'er under dull gloom to be ſinking;
But baniſh rude ſorrow, forget ev'ry pain,
In the tranſports of hunting and drinking.

FISH OUT OF WATER.—*Dibdin.*

WERE a learned phyſician who writes for all ill
'Stead of taking a guinea, obliged to take pill
Or compelled to examine mortality's bills,
For his own and his brethrens ſlaughter.

Were an ideal widow her love given over,
At the moment a promiſe ſhe made to her lover;
Advertiſed that her huſband began to recover,
Both theſe would be fiſh out of water.

Odd fiſh,
Queer fiſh
Strange fiſh
Droll fiſh,
In ſhort, they'd be fiſh out of water.

a methodiſt preacher, leave fleecing his flock,
witlings, let in common ſenſe ſhould ſhe knock,
a toper, reel homewards before three o'clock,
id puppies, find taſte when they ſought her;
ere a rook, by a pidgeon chouſed out of his booty,
a wife, kind, handſome, and true to her duty,
t a brute, unattracted by goodneſs, or beauty,
ll theſe would be fiſh out of water.

Odd fiſh, &c.

ld true limbs of the law, while extending their palms,
honour or conſcience, be troubled with qualms
ld ſpendthrifts, grow prudent, or miſers, give alms,
honeſty, tempt a defaulter;
lover, in high expectation when ready,
e place of appointment ſequeſtered, and ſhady,
unter a broomſtick, inſtead of the lady,
l theſe would be fiſh out of water.

Odd fiſh, &c.

tar, or in private, or public ſtrife,
is king, or his friend, fear to venture his life,
jolman from Ireland, in ſearch of a wife,
pect fortune, and meet with her daughter.
ort from mankind, did one ſtrip off the vizard,
out fear of paſſing for witch or for wizard
might ſee 'twould ſo curſedly ſtick in each gizzard,
at they'd all appear fiſh out of water.

Odd fiſh,
Queer fiſh,
Strange fiſh,
Droll fiſh,
ſhort, they'd be fiſh out of water.

THE KNITTING GIRL.

HARK Phillis hark thro' yonder grove,
Reſponſive nature ſings,
Love ſeeks the deep embower'd alcove,
And lends ſwift fancy wings.
Phillis heard, but Phillis ſat,
Silent knitting at her cottage gate.

Enthron'd he's ſeated in thine eye,
Where he tho' blind, can ſee;
Himſelf reflected in each ſigh,
He bids me breathe for thee.
Phillis heard, &

Lo! tow'rds the bower he beckons now,
Oh! riſe and come away!
From ill toward thee is his vow,
To guard and not betray.
Phillis heard, but Phillis ſat,
No longer knitting at her cottage gat

SENSIBILITY's TEAR.—*Dibdin.*

WHEN to man the diſtinguiſhing form
And the nature of angels were give
His mind was imbu'd with a charm,
That mark'd him the fav'rite of heav'n.

'Twas ſmiling Benignity's grace,
To the warm throbbing boſom ſo dear;
That celeſtially beam'd in his face,
As he ſhed Senſibility's tear.

e who Nature have learnt to ſubdue,
Who your hearts 'gainſt compaſſion can ſteel,
ho know not the joys of the few,
Who are happy becauſe they can feel.

luxury and eaſe as ye roll,
Learn that bliſs to the boſom ſo dear;
is the luxury ſupreme of the ſoul,
To indulge Senſibility's tear.

THE RAZOR-GRINDER.—*Dibdin.*

OM Turnwell is my name, my boys,
I'll ſtrike a ſtroke with any;
e trade that all my time employs,
To get an honeſt penny,
good, as juſt, as moſt you'll find.

With rubbing ſtone,
And ſtrop, and hone,
het the very ſharpeſt ſteel;
d cry the while I turn my wheel,
Pen-knives, ſciſſars,
Cleavers, razors,
opping knives to grind.

uſeful throughout all the town,
The ſmooth and pampered glutton,
en e'er to dinner he ſits down,
Can never carve his mutton,
leſs his knife is to his mind.

With rubbing ſtone, &c.

The pretty dame who ſweet can ſmile,
Who is for ever ſmirking,
And who the minutes can beguile,
With love as well as working,
Would ſhe her ſciſſars ſharpened find.
With rubbing ſtone, &c.

My friend the barber o'er the way,
Who daily lathers many,
And picks up pretty well each day,
By ſhaving for a penny;
To me his razors are conſigned.
With rubbing ſtone, &c.

THE FAIR OF BRITAIN's ISLE.

FILL, fill the glaſs, to beauty's charge,
And baniſh care from ev'ry breaſt:
In briſk Champaign, we'll quick diſcharge
A toaſt ſhall give the wine a zeſt,
With rapt'rous love the ſoul delight,
And make e'en miſery ſmile,—
The nation's ornament moſt bright—
The fair of Britain's iſle.

The boaſted beauties they ſurpaſs
Of France, of Italy, and Spain:
More nobly rank'd in virtue's claſs,
The world's applauſe they juſtly gain.
Circaſſia's dames no more ſhall boaſt
Their once all-conquering ſmile,

ro' kingdoms, this the future toaſt—
The fair of Britain's iſle.

en join with me, ye gen'rous youth,
Whoſe breaſts with noble paſſion burn;
id with ſincerity and truth;
Nor doubt you'll meet a juſt return.
you deſerve, and they'll reward
With faſcinating ſmile;
en love and honour ever guard,
The fair of Britain's iſle.

REMEMBER JACK.

WHEN ſcarce a handſpike high,
Death with old dad made free;
what does I do—me, I,
ut I pikes it off to ſea.
s I to ſweetheart Poll,
f ever I come back,
ll laugh and ſing, tol de rol lol;
not remember Jack.

ortune ſmooth and rough,
he wind would chop and veer;
hard knocks I'd nab'd enough,
n board a privateer.
t with a wooden peg,
ll, I thought, would bid me pack;
was forc'd, d'ye ſee, to beg,
nd 'twas—pray remember Jack.

t as folks hove by,
nd ſhew'd my wooden pin;

Young girls would ſometimes ſigh,
And gaping lubbers grin.
In vain I'd often bawl,
My hopes were ta'en aback,
And my ſhare of coppers ſmall,
To—pray remember Jack.

One day my lockers bare,
And toggs all tatter'd grown;
I twigg'd a pinnace fair,
Well rigg'd a bearing down.
'Twas Poll; ſhe look'd ſo ſpruce,
(" What thus, ſaid ſhe, come back?")
My tongue forgot its uſe,
And—pray, remember Jack.

What matters much to prate?—
She'd ſhiners ſav'd a few;
Soon I became her mate,
Wa'n't Poll a ſweetheart true?
Then a friend I ſerv'd before,
From a long voyage trips back,—
Shar'd with I his gold galore;
For he well remember'd Jack.

So what tho' I'd loſt my leg?
It ſeem'd to fortune mend:
And tho' forc'd, d'ye ſee, to beg,
I gain'd a wife and friend.
Here's the King, old England, Poll!
My ſhipmate juſt come back;
Then langh and ſing, tol de rol lol!
And—pray, remember Jack.

Y PLAINTIVE NUMBERS FLOW.

ILL let thy plaintive numbers flow,
Sweet bird of ſolitude and night;
I will join the ſong of woe,
ntil the morn's returning light.

thee I ſhun the world's relief,
oo ſorrow only to my breaſt;
preſs for luxury of grief,
he thorn that will not let it reſt.

E PETER AT THE MAST-HEAD.

DE Peter at the maſt-head flew,
nd to the girls we bid adieu,
eigh'd anchor and made ſail;
boatſwain blew his whiſtle ſhrill,
reefs, ſhook out, began to fill,
e caught a fav'ring gale.
And with a can of flip to cheer,
The honeſt tar thus gaily may he trip,
Lara la la la lara lara la la,
Lara lara lara lara lara lara lar.

ruis'd along the coaſt of France,
ot a Monſieur gave a chance,
e did my lads our beſt;
rank and laugh'd, and ſung together,
ept the ſea, nor car'd for weather,
was all the ſame to Jack.

Oft running large, ſhort miles we trac'd,
And now, cloſe hawl'd, the yards ſharp bra
Thus, and no near the cry;
Now tacking, ſwearing, laſking, ſteering,
While away the chace is bearing,
To have a bruſh damn'd ſhy.
And now and then a ſhot we try,
To bring them to, whether it hits or n
Laia la, &c

Sometimes while ſqualls have o'er us ſwept,
High at the maſt-head watch I've kept,
We did my lads our beſt;
Still on the look-out for a rumpus,
At every corner of the compaſs,
The North, South, Eaſt, and Weſt.
And with,

THE TRIUMPH OE WINE.

WHAT though from Venus Cupid ſpru
No attribute divine;
What e'er the bawling bards have ſung.
Had he his bow till Bacchus ſtrung,
And dipt his darts in wine.
'Till old Silenus plung'd the boy,
In nectar from the vine;
Then love that was before a toy,
Became the ſource of mortal joy,
The urchin ſhook his dewey wings,
And careleſs levell'd clowns and kings,
Such power has mighty wine.

n Theſeus on the naked ſhore,
air Ariadne left :
e think ſhe did her fate deplore,
er fine locks or boſom tore,
ike one of hope bereft ;
ſhe indeed, her fleeting love
om mortal turns divine,
as gay Bacchus's tygers move,
ar aſcends amidſt a grove
ines, ſurrounded by a throng,
lead the jolly pair along,
moſt half gone with wine.

m Helen lov'd the Phrygian boy,
thought her all his own ;
otteſt love will ſooneſt cloy,
e'er had brought her ſafe to Troy,
t for the wife of Thone ;
erry goſſip mix'd a cup,
tipple right divine,
ep love's flagging ſpirits up,
Helen drank it every ſup ;
liquor is 'mongſt learned elves
the called, but betwixt ourſelves,
was nothing more than wine.

ethe and its flowery brink,
muſty poets prate ;
e thirſty ſouls are ſaid to drink,
never they again may think,
n their former fate ;

What is there in this ſouleſs lot,
I pray you ſo divine;
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which for a time were well forgot;
Come here then in our Lethe ſhare,
The true oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

LOVE IN THINE EYES.

LOVE in thine eyes for ever plays,
He in thy ſnowy boſom ſtrays;
He mekes thy roſy lips his care,
And walks the mazes of thy hair;
Love dwells in every outward part,
But ah! he never touched thy heart.

How different is my fate from thine,
No outward marks of love are mine;
My brow is clouded with deſpair,
And grief, love's bitter foe is there;
But deep within my glowing ſoul,
He reigns and rules without controul.

TO GIVE MY LOVE GOOD-MORRO

FLY night away,
And welcome day,
With night we baniſh ſorrow;
Sweet air blow ſoft,
Sunſhine aloft,
To bid my love good-morrow.

Wings from the wind,
To pleaſe her mind,
Notes from the lark, I'll borrow:
Lark, ſtretch thy wing,
And tow'ring ſing,
To give my love good-morrow.

Ye violets blue,
Sweet drops of dew,
That ſhine in ev'ry furrow:
Freſh odours fling,
On zephyr's wing,
To give my love good-morrow.

Bright Venus ſpare,
Awhile thy car,
Thy cupid, dove, and ſparrow;
To waft my fair,
Like thy own ſtar,
To give the world good-morrow.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

YE roſes bow your lovely heads,
Nor boaſt your damaſk hue;
Or ſee yon ſpotleſs lilly ſpreads,
Her charms to rival you.

In each beauteous female breaſt,
Does envy's paſſion dwell;
Each lovely nymph of charms poſſeſs'd,
Endeavours to excel.

Ah! fooliſh maids behold your doom,
In yonder faded flow'r;
For what is beauty's ſofteſt bloom,
The triumph of an hour.

THE MAGIC CIRCLE.

YE gods give that ſocial delight,
That brightens the radiance of morn;
Bring the friend of my heart to my ſight,
Let ſmiles their freſh beauties adorn.

In a circle of friends link'd around,
United by friendſhip and love;
In ſuch circles a magic is found,
To emulate bleſſings above.

WHEN THE MIND IS IN TUNE.

WHEN the mind is in tune all is harmony round,
And the minutes fly ſwiftly away;
In this ſummer of joy, pleaſure dwells in each ſound,
And December's as cheerful as May.

When the mind is in tune and the heart is at eaſe
The ſigh will no ſorrow betray;
But with magical rapture each object can pleaſe
And December's as cheerful as May.

HERE LIFFEY ROLLS ITS STREAM.

HERE Liffey rolls its ſilver ſtream,
Thro' Leinſter's pleaſant vales;
was there I ſung, and love my theme,
And Kathlane heard my tales.

The vows approv'd by you fair maid,
Sprung from a heart moſt true;
For tho' my eyes and tongue have ſtray'd,
My thoughts are ſtill with you.

ſparkling eye or roſy cheek,
Reminds me of your charms;
en love the theme, I hear you ſpeak,
And wiſh you in my arms.

The vows, &c.

S NOT SO SWEET AS HER I LOVE.

HEN ſpring ſkims lightly o'er the lawn,
Or lurks beneath the flow'ring thorn;
fragrant breath that ſcents the grove,
ot ſo ſweet as her I love.

en ſummer leads the hours along,
h cheerful dance and merry ſong:
tuneful birds that cheer the grove,
not ſo blithe as her I love.

en autumn yellows o'er the field,
golden joys of harveſt yield;

We all the glowing charms approve,
But more the cheek of her I love.

But ah! when winter's gloom appears,
And nature ſheds her bounteous tears;
Tho' cold the drop, congeal'd above,
More cold the heart of her I love.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

GOD ſave great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God ſave the King.
God ſave, &c.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us—
God ſave the King!
Send him, &c.

O Lord, our God, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
O Lord, &c,
Confound their politics,
Fruſtrate their knaviſh tricks—
On George our hopes we fix—
God ſave us all!
Confound, &c.

Thy choiceſt gifts in ſtore,
On George be pleas'd to pour—
Long may he reign.
Thy choiceſt, &c.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cauſe,
To ſing with heart and voice,
God ſave the King!
May he, &c.

Fame let thy trumpet ſound,
Tell all the world around,
George is our King!
Fame let, &c.
Tell to proud France and Spain,
All their vile plots are vain,
George in our hearts ſhall reign—
God ſave the King!
Tell to proud, &c.

RULE BRITANNIA.

HEN Britain firſt, at heaven's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe, &c.
was the charter, the charter of the land,
nd guardian angels ſung this ſtrain,—
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

The nation's not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their turns to tyrants fall;
Muſt, &c.
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh, ſhalt flouriſh gre
and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke;
More, &c.
As the loud blaſt, loud blaſt that tears the ſk
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down;
All their, &c.
Will but arouſe, arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
Thy cities, &c.
And thine ſhall be, ſhall be the ſubject ma
And ev'ry ſhore it circles, thine.
Rule Britannia,

The muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair;
Shall to, &c.

ſt iſle! with beauties, with matchleſs beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

OR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ſhip up channel ſteer'd,
d ſcudding under eaſy ſail,
The high-blue weſtern land appeared:
To heave the lead the ſeaman ſprung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
"By the deep—Nine!"

d bearing up, to gain the port,
Some well-known objects kept in view,
abbey tow'r, an harbour fort,
Or beacon, to the veſſel true:
While oft the lead the ſeaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
"By the mark—Seven!"

d, as the much-lov'd ſhore we near,
With tranſport we behold the roof,
ere dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchleſs proof.
The lead once more the ſeaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot ſung,
"Quarter-leſs—Five!"

THE WESTERN SKY.

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er,
With ev'ry pleaſing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heat of day:
When from an hazel's artleſs bow'r,
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue,
He bleſt the ſcene, he bleſt the bow'r,
While Nancy's praiſe he ſung.

Let fops with fickle falſhood range
The paths of wanton love;
Whilſt weeping maids lament the change,
And ſadden ev'ry grove:
But endleſs bleſſings crown the day,
I ſaw fair Eſham's dale,
And ev'ry bleſſing find its way,
To Nancy of the vale.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant fair,
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care;
And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I thoſe charms forego,
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

CAROLINE OF LITCHFIELD.

THE village hind with toil had done,
And homeward bent his way,

hile on the wave the ſetting ſun
Clos'd the departing day ;
hen Caroline of Litchfield ſtrove,
All ſeemingly to borrow,
he plaintive wailings of the dove,
To aid awhile her ſorrow.

s dews diſtilling on the roſe,
In brightneſs oft' appear ;
Caroline amid her woes,
Seem'd lovelier in a tear :
Ah me," ſhe cry'd, " life has no charm,
" For, 'neath the drooping willow,
My lover ſleeps in death's cold arms,
" Upon a moiſten'd pillow."

For me he brav'd the dang'rous part,
" And found a wat'ry tomb ;
Can ſilence reign then in the heart,
" Or gratitude be dumb !
Ah ! no—affection's tear ſhall flow,
" Pure as the chryſtal fountain,
'Till death ſhall end this life of woe,
" Which now's beyond ſurmounting,"

hen ſighing with a wiſhful look,
A looſe to grief ſhe gave,
nd headlong plung'd into the brook,
There ſunk beneath the wave :
he village maids the tale relate,
At eve and early morning,
ow love was nipt by adverſe fate,
Ere ſcarcely it was dawning.

THROUGH GROVES SEQUESTER'

THRO' groves ſequeſter'd dark and ſtill,
Low vales and moſſy cells among,
In ſilent paths the careleſs rill,
With languid murmurs ſteals along:
Awhile it plays with circling ſweep,
And ling'ring leaves its native plains,
Then pours impetuous down the ſteep,
And mingles with the boundleſs main.

O let my years thus devious glide,
Through ſilent ſcenes obſcurely calm,
Nor wealth nor ſtrife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's ſangu'nary palm:
When labour tires, and pleaſure palls,
Still let the ſtream untroubled be,
As down the ſteep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

LORD HOWE AND VICTORY.

OUR ſhips, the guardians of our land,
Were led by gallant Howe,
With Britiſh hearts of oak well mann'd,
To ſeek the boaſting foe:
Their fleet we ſpy'd in order fair,
Superior numbers found her,
Reſolv'd to fight, our tars prepare
To hurl the Britiſh thunder.

CHORUS.

ng live the King—from that bright ſource
Let brighteſt honours flow;
bring the laurel-wreath be ours,
To grace the hero's brow.

eir brave commander now ſurveys,
The ſcene with placid eye,
s mind each wiſe manœuvre weighs,
T' inſure a victory:
e fight begins, the broadſides roar,
And horrid carnage ſpread;
ith blood the main is purpled o'er,
The decks are ſtrew'd with dead,
Long live, &c.

e French commander Howe engag'd,
With well-directed fire,
e bold yet ſkilful war he wag'd,
Soon forc'd him to retire:
wo French ſhips to the bottom went,
With all their mangled crew,
x others on their ſafety bent,
Struck to victorious Howe.
Long live, &c.

FAIR MARIA OF THE DALE.

'IS not the tint of ruby hue,
That bluſhes on the full-blown roſe;
or pearly drops of morning dew,
Diſtilling where the lily blows;

Nor fragrant gales that ſcent the air,
Nor ſweets exhal'd from flow'ring vale,
Nor all theſe beauties can compare,
With fair Maria of the Dale.

The ſhepherds of the plain declare,
They ne'er have ſeen ſo ſweet a maid;
And whilſt they view the charming fair,
Love doth their eaſy hearts invade:
If ſhe but ſmiles each blithſome ſwain
Steps forth to breath his am'rous tale;
For ev'ry ſhepherd ſtrives to gain
The lov'd Maria of the Dale.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER.

WITH pleaſure draw near,
Each brave Volunteer,
Determin'd all danger to face,
In ſupport of the cauſe
Of Religion and Laws,
Confuſion and riot to chace.

What a daſtard is he,
Who can *fear* to be *free*,
Or from Honour and Loyalty ſtart;
Nor hazard his life
For his children and wife,
His friend, and the girl of his heart.

For whate'er can appear
To an Engliſhman dear,
That to Freedom and Happineſs cling;

That road we'll purſue,
With hearts that are true
To our *Country*, *Conſtitution*, and *King*.

Our neighbours in France
Still lighter may dance,
Now e'en of *ſoup-maigre* bereft;
How they'd ſkip to ſee here,
Happy Engliſhman's cheer,
And feaſt on the ſcraps we have left.

In *Holland*, the *Dutch*,
Their *protection* was ſuch,
Ev'ry comfort and joy might avow;
But, inviting French neighbours,
To eat up their labours,
Mynheer ſmokes and *ſtarves* with *Myn Vrow*.

All their *ſocial love's* croſt;
Public Confidence loſt;
Of their *frenzy* they now chew the cud;
As for *traffick*, and *freedom*,
They don't ſeem to need 'em,
Unleſs its *French traffic*, in *blood*.

Independence and trade
No where elſe are diſplay'd,
In ſuch bleſſings as *Britain* can *boaſt*;
As her *white ſails* unfurl'd
Awe and ſubject the World,
Enriching and guarding her *coaſt*.

Then let us all ſtand
With *bumpers* in hand;
This chorus we'll *boaſt* and we'll *ſing*;
That we'll boldly oppoſe,
All *Republican* foes,
For we fight for our *Country* and *King*.

THE MULETEER.

WHEN o'er the moon a miſty veal
Obſcures her pallid, ſylvan light,
When howling winds burſt o'er the dale,
And no bright eve-ſtar lends its light:
Then o'er the cliff's impending brow
Our lonely Muleteer muſt go!

His twinkling lamp he cautious bears,
To guide him from the dells ſo deep;
And oft the ruſhing cataracts hears,
When every eye is ſeal'd in ſleep;
For drear the hour through hail or ſnow,
Alas! the Muleteer muſt go!

Joyous he views the riſing dawn,
Break forth the thick-rob'd ſhade of nig
With fluid gold the bluſhing morn
Sheds her ſoft ambient beam of light;
O'er craggy ſteeps aſcending ſlow,
Our blithſome Muleteer muſt go!

e early ſongſtreſs ſweet reclines
Upon her mate's ſoft plumag'd breaſt,
warbling 'midſt the waving pines,
he courts the traveller to reſt:
oft' as her ſweet numbers flow,
Muleteer forgets to go!

tho' ſevere the toil he braves,
t midnight ſhelter'd in ſome cot,
eeds not how the tempeſt raves,
nd all his hardſhips are forgot:
n mountain grapes and mountain cheer,
eſh the weary Muleteer!

IF TRUTH CAN FIX.

ruth can fix the wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim:
els the paſſion void of art,
e pure, the conſtant flame:
ighing ſwain their torments tell,
eir ſenſual love contemn;
only prize the beauteous ſhell,
ſlight the inward gem.

ſion cures the wounded heart,
ſtroys the tranſient fire:
hen the mind receives the dart,
oyment whets deſire:
e your beauty will decay,
r mind improve with years,
en the bloſſom fades away,
ripening fruit appears.

DEAR WILLIAM.

THO' old England, cry'd William, invites
arms,
And bids me, dear Sufan, relinquifh thy charms
Yet ſtill thy lov'd image ſhall dwell in my hear
And 'midſt ev'ry danger ſweet tranſport impart
'Till with vict'ry crown'd I return to the ſhore,
Then Sufan, dear Sufan, I'll leave thee no mo

To Neptnne and Mars my fond ſuit I prefer'd,
Who ſooth'd me with ſmiles when my ſtory they he
For with tears and with ſighs I their pity imple
And begg'd they would ſpare the dear youth I a
And I ſaid, if a victor they ſent him to ſhore,
That William, dear William would leave me no

The gods thus reply'd, and I thank'd them ind
The daughters of Albion in vain never plead,
E'en the whole Britiſh fleet in that glory ſhall
Which we to heſtow on thy lover prepare:
Soon in triumph, cry'd I, will our fleet reach the
Then William, dear William will leave me no

While Britannia the laurels prepar'd for her H
He nobly exclaim'd, e'er the wreath grac'd his
'Twas the brave Britiſh ſeamen that vanquiſh
foe,
And William was foremoſt his courage to ſhew
So with victory crown'd they return'd to the ſ
And William, dear William ſhall leave me no

THE IRISH NEWSMA

YOU may ſing of your waggoners, ploug
and watchmen,
Your lamp-lighters, ſailors, and pedling

re's no trade like mine, for you're ſure for to
catch men,
ch, poor, old and ugly, all rading the news;
le round with my papers ſtraight forward I'm
going,
r maſters they find me employment enough,
re make out the bus'neſs with puffing and blowing
y horns after blowing whatever they puff. *

* And between us both we contrive
To botheroo! ditheroo! merry and friſky,
My horn always made as much noiſe as he could
For as ſure as dear Dublin's the country for wiſky
It muſt be an wind that blow nobody good.

ur Oracle ever ſhou'd fail 'tis no wonder,
e Times are complain'd of as not always right;
ſometimes the Sun juſt by way of a blunder,
ſets in the morning and riſes at night:
'twou'd puzzle your worſhips my plan to un-
lock it,
w often I travel regardleſs of harm;
a Star in my hand and the World in my pocket
d carry a Telegraph under my arm.†

d then you ſee I'm like the public ledger, open
all parties and influenced by none, and that's
way
I botheroo ditheroo, &c.

I've all the agraable news in the nation,
ur battles and murders and ſuch pretty jokes;
your Parliament ſpaaches, agrah! botheration,
d the nate little things that are done by great
olks:
l lump every accident, death or promotion,
ur tragedies, comedies, all in a ſtring;

Wid wedlock and hanging, for ſome have a notion
That one nooſe and t'other is juſt the ſame thing.

‡ And by my conſcience I think ſo myſelf, for
man had better be tuck'd up at once than plagu
with a perpetual

Botheroo ditheroo, &c.

SEASONS OF LOVE.

WHEN the bloſſoms of ſpring ſhed their fragran
around,
And nature's beſt ſongſters enliven the grove;
As we ſcent the perfume as we hear the ſoft ſound
This, this we exclaim is the ſeaſon of love.

When the ardour of Summer compels our retreat,
With the youth of our choice to ſome ſhady alcov
As we feel the cold air thro' the jeſſamine ſweet,
Our boſoms confeſs 'tis the ſeaſon of love.

When all-bountiful Authmn binds up its gold ſhea
And we pick his ripe fruit for the fair while we ro
As we mark the firſt fall of the quick-faded leaf,
The preſent, we ſigh, is the ſeaſon of love.

When mirth-loving Winter at home bids us keep,
And with jeſts, tales, and ſongs, ſocial happine
prove;
As around the gay hearth to each other we creep,
This, this, all agree, is the ſeaſon of love.

In ſhort, where good-humour and cheerfulneſs reig
And the true-hearted lovers each other approve
At home, or abroad, in the city, or the plain,
Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer, are ſeaſon
love.

THE SONG OF CONSTANCY.

OW, Joan, we are married, and now let me ſay,
Tho' both are in youth, yet that youth will decay;
ur journey thro' life, my dear Joan, I ſuppoſe,
ſhall oft meet a bramble, and ſometimes a roſe.

n a cloud on this forehead ſhall darken my day,
ſunſhine of ſweetneſs muſt ſmile it away;
when the dull vapour ſhall dwell upon thine,
haſe it the labour and triumph be mine.

us wiſh not for wealth, to devour and conſume,
uxury's but a ſhort road to the tomb;
us ſigh not for grandeur, for truſt me, my Joan,
keeneſt of cares owes its birth to a throne.

ſhalt milk one cow, and if fortune purſue,
me, with her bleſſing, my Joan may milk two;
l till our ſmall field, whilſt thy prattle and ſong
charm as I drive the bright ploughſhare along.

n finiſh'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
reat a good neighbour at eve with our ale;
Joan, who would wiſh for ſelf only to live?
bleſſing of life, my dear girl, is to give.

he red-breaſt and wren ſhall not ſeek us in vain,
t thou haſt a crumb, or thy Corin a grain;
nly their ſongs will they pour from the grove,
ield by example, ſweet leſſons of love.

hy beauty muſt fade, yet thy youth I'll remember
hy May was my own, when thou ſheweſt De-
ember;
hen age to my head ſhall his winter impart,
mmer of love ſhall reſide in my heart.

THE MIDNIGHT MOON.

THE midnight moon ſerenely ſmiles,
O'er nature's ſoft repoſe;
No low'ring cloud obſcures the ſkies,
Nor ruffling tempeſt blows;
Now ev'ry paſſion ſinks to reſt,
The throbbing heart lies ſtill,
And varying ſcenes of life no more
Diſtract the labouring will.

In ſilence huſh'd to reaſon's voice,
Attends each mental pow'r,
Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy,
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come while this peaceful ſcene invites,
Let's ſearch this ample round,
Where ſhall the lovely fleeting form,
Of happineſs be found:
Does it amidſt the frolic mirth
Of gay aſſemblies dwell;
Or hide beneath the ſolemn gloom,
That ſhades the hermit's cell.

How oft' the laughing brow of joy,
A ſick'ning heart conceals;
And through the cloiſter's deep receſs,
Invading ſorrow ſteals:
In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;
It dwells not in the faithleſs ſmile,
That brightens Chloe's face.

THE LOYALIST.

WHEN BRITAIN firſt her fair domain
To BRUNSWICK's line had granted,
On Diſcord ſpread her horrid train,
And none but STUARTS wanted:
Our rightful GEORGE maintain'd his crown
Againſt ſuch foul pretenders,
And by his conqu'ring arms put down
Rebellion's proud defenders.

CHORUS.

Then ev'ry loyal heart will join
Againſt a Revolution;
But drink and ſing
GOD ſave the KING,
And HAPPY CONSTITUTION.

Forty-five again they ſtrove
Poor CHARLEY to reſtore, ſir;
But then ſucceſs again did prove
No better than before, ſir:
For WILLIAM did the hoſt command,
Of Britain's valiant ſons, ſir,
And by his ſword the daſtard band,
Were totally undone, ſir

Then ev'ry, &c.

Gallic perfidy we owe
The loſs of vaſt dominions

And ſhall we now by *treach'ry* ſhew,
We follow *their* opinions?
No—let us with one heart combine
With honeſt indignation,
To fruſtrate ev'ry dark deſign
Againſt the CROWN and NATION.
Then ev'ry, &c.

While ocean bounds the Britiſh iſles,
And we're by GEORGE defended,
Fair *Freedom* ever on us ſmiles,
And honeſt hearts are blended.
May NAVY, and the ARMY too,
Unite to guard our ſhore, ſir,
Then happineſs we have in view,
Till time ſhall be no more, ſir.
Then ev'ry, &c.

With loud huzzas to GEORGE's name,
Let ev'ry member *riſe*, ſir;
And he who *dares* refuſe the ſame,
We evermore *deſpiſe*, ſir,
Here's *George the Third*, and long may he
With *England*'s ſceptre rule us,
Nor *France*, or her EQUALITY,
Adopted be to fool us.
Then ev'ry, &c.

LOVE AND UNANIMITY.

WHEN party feuds and hateful broils,
Diſtruſt and mad deluſion,

Diſturb the happieſt of iſles,
And all is wild confuſion;
When each purſues his ſtubborn will,
And minds are much divided,
It then requires the utmoſt ſkill,
Until the ſtorm's ſubſided

CHORUS.

Then let us heart and hand exert,
With manly reſolution,
Determin'd firmly to ſupport
Our GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION.

Our beſt endeavours us'd ſhould be,
Loſt friendſhip to recover;
Let Peace and Unanimity
Spread all the Kingdom over—
Fair Commerce then will more expand,
Nor ſhall our hopes be blighted;
No foreign foe can harm our land,
If *Britons* are united.

Then let us, &c.

The cheerful and induſtrious heart,
Who oft perhaps in need is,
If well in life he acts his part,
I care not what his creed is:
Diſſenter—Churchman—Catholic—
Whatever their perſuaſions—
Good ſubjects are to me alike,
Of all denominations.

Then let us, &c.

Let Harmony, without controul,
Be quickly re-inſtated—
'Twill glad the breaſt of each free ſoul,
To have the work completed;
For war—whoe'er may be diſpos'd,
Away with melancholy—
And, when the Britiſh lion's rous'd,
France will repent her folly.
Then let us, &c.

To quell at once the hateful ſtorm,
And ſtifle all confuſion,
Tho' cheriſh'd by the word *Reform*,
We'll have no *Revolution*;
By *Truth's bright ſtandard* may we ſee
The wheels of State directed,
And freedom, life, and property,
For ever be protected.

CHORUS.

Then let us heart and hand exert,
With manly reſolution,
Determin'd firmly to ſupport
Our KING and CONSTITUTION.

NO HARM TO KNOW IT.

I'D fain aſk you a thi?, but in ſteps a that,
Ah! why did you, truant, away from me g
Yet not that I'm curious, but merely for ch
'Tis only no harm to know it, you kno

What lady detain'd you? I'm ſure ſhe was fair,
Much taller than I am, perhaps full as low;
No buſineſs of mine 'tis—what colour her hair?
'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

Say, was ſhe demure? or coquetiſhly gay?
The voice of a cherub, or may be ſo, ſo?
Her eyes—I don't aſk whether hazle or grey,
'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

But one thing, O, tell me! no more then impart
Did'ſt give her what was not your own to beſtow?
No' ſure you'd not venture to give her your heart,
'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

HOW BITTER THE MOMENT.

HOW bitter the moment, with thoſe we hold dear,
When exchanging the tender adieu;
Follow'd you far with my eyes, when a tear
Hid the object I lov'd from my view.
Penſive retir'd to forget you; ah, vain!
I found ſolitude cheriſh'd deſpair;
In company ſought a relief from my pain,
Your dear image ſtill follow'd there.

Thro' grove, mead, and garden I varied the ſcene,
With fond hope ſome repoſe I might find;

But ſtill a lov'd ſpot where together we've be
Some lov'd incident brought to my mind
When I muſe in the grove, there I ſee your d
name,
That I carv'd on the rind of a tree;
In a garden I'm charm'd with a roſebud,
ſame,
Whence a flower you preſented to me.

I range thro' the meadows attended by Tr
Once yours;—his affection is prov'd;
And the linnet's ſweet pipe can bleſt raptu
convey,
When he carols the tune that you lov'd.
By moonlight I walk, I enjoy her mild ray
And this heart ſoothing fancy purſue:
I think at the inſtant whilſt on her I gaze,
She then may be look'd on by you.

WE'VE BADE THE SEAS ADIEU

WE'VE bade the reſtleſs ſeas adieu,
To toy dear girls, ſome hours with yo
And you can give, tho' ſhort our ſtay,
A year of pleaſure in a day.

CHOURS.

And thus we'll ſing—with chorus full,
In ſmooth or blowing weather,
"A long pull and a ſtrong pull,
"And a pull boys altogether!"—

We met, and fought the foe in May;
That month ſeem'd ſcanty by a day,
And ſo, to beat them to ſome tune,
We borrow'd one day more from June!
And thus we'll ſing, &c.

O BRING ME WINE.

O Bring me wine, bright ſource of mirth!
For from the favour'd lips
Of him, who joyous ſips,
The jeſt, the taunt, the ſong has birth.

Wine o'er the ſoul ſheds influence kind,
And gives a Summer to the mind!

When roſy wine is ſeen to flow,
The goblin Care, takes flight!
Juſt ſo a fiend of night,
Departs at morn's celeſtial glow.
Wine o'er the ſoul, &c.

There's magic lodged within the grape;
It makes the lover view
His nymph with beauties new;
Gives ſoftneſs to her air, her ſhape!
Wine o'er the ſoul, &c.

ROSABEL.

WITH Roſabel, what joy to ſtray,
The flowery broom among!—

I thought not of the weſtering day,
While liſtening to her ſong:
For ſtill her voice cheer'd evening's gloom
With "O the broom, the bonny bonny broom

Beneath her window, times how oft,
I've linger'd half the night;—
When e'er I heard her whiſpers ſoft,
I felt my heart grow light:—

If maither chid, her ſong would be,—
"There's nae luck about the houſe, the
nae luck for me!"

When led afar,—my fate to try,
She came to Clyde's broad Firth:—
Her gentle heart to break was nigh;
Subdu'd was all her mirth!—

She murmur'd—while the tears were ready,
Adieu "my bonny charming highland laddie

THE STORMY MAIN.

WITH pride we ſteer'd for England' coa
Her hills aroſe in miſty blue;
Six prizes of the line our boaſt:
Another ſtruck and ſunk in view!

O ſtill to guard this iſle, the battle we'll ſuſtai
And dare the perils of the ſtormy main!

Within the boſom of the land,
The claims of relative and friend,
The proweſs of our fleets demand:
Their rights upon our arms depend.—
O ſtill to guard this iſle, &c.

Sweet Love! this boſom knows thy pow'r,
The daſhing waves that foam along,
Bear Fanny's name at midnight hour,
The tend'rer burthen of my ſong:
For England's lovely dames, &c.

WHEN LOVE WAS A STRANGER.

WHEN love was a ſtranger,
Hope brought me that ranger:
I gave them a home:
With welcome careſſings,
I deem'd them two bleſſings,
And bade them ne'er roam:

Hope has ſpread his azure pinions,
Ah!—I fear he's diſtant flown!
And behind—that worſt of minions,
Tyrant Love reigns all alone!

THE SEAMAN OF WARS MAY TELL

THE ſeaman, who of wars may tell,
On many a diſtant Winter's night,

Shall feel his breaſt with rapture ſwell,
Rememb'ring he partook this fight:
And his full can ſhall toaſt the day,
When HOWE to Victory led the way!

His tale the hearers ſhall not tire,
But all will mark with glow divine,
Their NAMES, who kept up daring *fire!*
And thoſe, who broke the *Gallic Line!*
And many a can ſhall toaſt the day,
When HOWE to Victory led the way.

THE WESTERN SQUADRON.

WHEN next we dare the reſtleſs deep,
In mind the Weſtern Squadron keep:
'Tis that which keeps the Country free,
And gives us empire of the ſea!

O let your gentle wiſhes riſe,
For favoring gales and friendly ſkies.

The lovelieſt beauty of our iſle,
I'm ſure will toaſt us with a ſmile:
And 'ere the wine her lip ſhall meet,
Proclaim—"Here's to the Britiſh Fleet!"
O let your, &c.

For you, dear belles, where'er we roam,
The heart ſtill fondly turns to home:
You make the heavy ſtorm ſeem light,
And cheer the ſeamen in the fight.
O let your, &c.

A GLEE.

WHILE Frenchmen are bawling for dear
Liberty,
And think while they're mad to be ſure they
are free;
To England, old England, the toaſt let us paſs,
Here's no Revolution, but that of the glaſs."

Our rights we're reſolv'd to maintain, not to
mend,
What our Fathers blood purchas'd our own
ſhall defend;
We'll laugh at the frantic vagaries of France,
Whoſe ſons can't walk ſteady,—but only can
dance.

Let the Monſieurs in laws, and in cooking refine
We'll ſtick to plain ſenſe, and the ancient
Surloin;
And always with glee, we will cheerfully ſing
Our Church, and our Charters, our Country
and King."

SINGLE I WILL NEVER BE.

SILLY maid! be not afraid,
For joy will ſoon await you;

Hope repeats what boſom beats,
No viſion now ſhall cheat you:
Time has wings, and ſoon will flee
Single I will never be.

Why ſhould Time when in my prime,
With ſlow pace detain me?
Why be coy when bridal joy
Strives to entertain me?
Time has wings, and ſoon will flee,
Single I will never be.

SECLUSION'S SACRED BOWER.

IN Secluſion's ſacred bower
Meek regret, with ſoften'd ſigh,
Will enjoy her penſive hour,
Fearing no intruder nigh.

So, ſweet bird! thy lonely ſorrow
In the ivy'd turret's height,
Pines in ſecret, 'til the morrow,
To the ſhades directs thy flight.

Smiling hope! my ſoul illume,
Tranſports thou alone can'ſt give,
Diſſipate a dungeon's gloom,
Bid the child of ſadneſs live.

TRUE BLUE.

NE evening at ambroſial treat,
On high *Olympus'* tower,
Minerva the Nine Muſes met
In her ætherial bower:
Bacchus and *Apollo* join;
Their hand in hand go Wit and Wine.
Fal lal lal de, &c.

Pallas the ſwimming Dame begun,
Her hair a ribbon bound;
Like her eyes the bandage ſhone
Her ſapient temples round,
Which, looſened in the dance, fell down,
And *Bacchus* ſeiz'd the azure zone.
Fal lal lal de, &c.

His ribband on his breaſt he plac'd,
By *Styx* then ſwore the youth,
That had the ſeat of Wiſdom grac'd
Should grace the ſeat of Truth:
Then ope at once his robe he threw,
And on his boſom beam'd—TRUE BLUE.
Fal lal lal de, &c.

Mortals can give ribbands fame,
And orders make on earth,
The *Deities* may do the ſame,
And give one order birth——
This ribband, LOV'D CELESTIALS, view,
And ſtamp your ſanction on TRUE BLUE.
Fal lal lal de, &c.

Urania prais'd the roſy god:
Her tuneful ſiſters join:—
Minerva gave th' aſſenting nod,
Phœbus enroll'd the ſign.
Along the ſkies loud *Io's* flew,
And all *Olympus* hail'd TRUE BLUE.
Fal lal lal de, &c.

This ribband *Iris* bore to earth;
The gods enjoin'd the fair,
Where'er ſhe found true ſons of worth,
To leave that ribband there:
From clime to clime ſhe ſearching flew—
Then in BRITANNIA left TRUE BLUE.
Fal lal lal de, &c.

HYMEN.

HYMEN, come and bid old Night,
Draw the curtains round us;
Sun, we do not want your light,
Leave us as you found us.

Huſh, thou noiſy bird of morn,
Hunters, know your duty,
Wind not forth your early horn,
Valour weds with beauty.

Fairy elves, with nimble tread,
Magic powers poſſeſſing,
Dance around the bridal bed,
Drop the fair a bleſſing.

Sylphs, that whiſper airy dreams,
Round her temples hover,
Nymph, awake when morning beams
Smile upon your lover.

Mercy bids reſentment ceaſe;
Gloomy fears diſpelling,
Mirth and harmony and peace,
Here ſhall fix their dwelling.

Happy nation, ſuch your bliſs,
May no feuds deſtroy it!
And your only ſtrife be this,
Who ſhall beſt enjoy it.

HIBERNIAN POLITICS.

WHAT a bother you keep wid your French
parley vǫos,
Oh! but their conſcience is juſt like a
Jew's;
Or blarney of freedom's a bull at the
beſt,
Wou'd take all we have, and tell us the reſt.

Sing dideroo, bubberoo, oh! my joy,
We nately the French one another deſtroy,
Sure he ſhould enter, we'll whiſkey em-
ploy,
Bother the gig of the crabbed old boy.

The Dutch, by my ſoul, ſuch a pack
ſpalpaens,
No bottom for fighting have they in the
brains,
Tho' their ſmall cloaths are large enoug
arrah, hoot, hoot,
To hold Cork, Tipperary, and Dublin to boo
And ſing didderoo, &

Your fine King of Pruſſia he came to the fea
And he eat, and he drank, and behav'd li
a beaſt;
When done too, his reck'ning forgetting to p
He pick'd John Bull's pocket and ſneak'd cle
away.
And ſing didderoo, &

That Mr. John Bull is a good-natur'd ſoul,
And with all his good-nature as wiſe as an ow
He ſuffer's himſelf to be led by the noſe,
And ſtill pays the piper wherever he goes.
And ſing didderoo, &

Long life to King GEORGE, joy, conten
ment, and health,
And Paddy Bull ſtill ſhould drink Johnny Bull
health;
May our PRINCESS of BRUNWICK co
home ſafe and ſound,
And harmony all over ENGLAND be found.
And ſing didderoo, &

BEN BLOCK.

Was preſs'd, while a rowing ſo happy—
No matter, 'twas childiſh to grieve;
o to drown care with grog I got nappy,
Yet ſigh'd my ſweet Kitty to leave:
t what hurt me moſt were thoſe ninnies,
On whom I had thought to depend,
or I wiſh'd to raiſe Kate a few guineas,
But found I had got ne'er a friend.

hen on board, why I troubled a ſhip-mate
A note to my ſweetheart to write;
hich in doing he ſomehow a ſlip made,
His own tale of love did indi:!
when I at Batterſea landed,
(He'd patter'd her ſo to his end)
earnt he my frigate commanded,
And found I had got ne'er a friend.

hen again on the ſalt ſeas in motion,
The ill-humour'd winds loudly roar;
d friendſhip I found on the ocean,
As ſcant as I left it on ſhore:
e were wreck'd—but my tale little matters,
While meſſmates to Davy deſcend,
ſcap'd, but was poor, all in tatters,
And found I had got ne'er a friend.

ſtill to all fear I was ſtranger,
n battle, (where death tips the grin)

Was expos'd to the heat of each danger,
'Till a muſquet-ball ſplinter'd my fin:
Well away to the cock-pit I hobbled,
Where ſo many cuſtomers tend,
That the ſurgeon to ſave further trouble,
Lopp'd it off, damme, not like a friend.

But now ev'ry comfort's imparted,
I find, laid in Greenwich ſnug dock,
My meſſmates are true, honeſt-hearted,
And each wiſhes well to Ben Block:
The rear of my life glides on cheerly,
In a calm here my moments I'll end;
I have fought for my King late and early,
And, bleſs him, the King is my friend.

THE PEDLAR.

I Am a jolly gay pedlar,
Come here to ſell my ware:
And though in all things I'm a meddler,
I meddle moſt with the fair:
When I ſhew my ribbons to Miſſes,
Tho' copper and ſiller I gain,
Yet better I'm pleas'd with the bliſſes,
Which now I cannot explain.

Fools ſay that life is but ſorrow,
And ſeem diſinclin'd to be gay;
But why ſhould we think of to-morrow,
When we may be happy to-day:

rove round the world for my pleaſure,
Reſolv'd to take nothing amiſs,
nd think my exiſtence a treaſure,
While bleſt with a cup and a kiſs.

hey ſurely are thick-headed aſſes,
Who know that youth's gone in a crack,
nd will not enjoy as it paſſes
The ſeaſon that never comes back:
et time jog on ſlower or quicker,
Or whether we're ſilly or wiſe,
e ſhall not be the worſe for good liquor,
Or the ſmile of a girl with black eyes.

SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
O'er ſeas and diſtant ſhores,
ith merry pipe and jocund tale,
I've paſs'd ſome pleaſant hours:
ho' wand'ring thus I ne'er could find,
A girl like blithſome Sally,
ho picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

om whiſtling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From neſting of each tree,
hoſe a ſoldier's life to wed,
So ſocial gay and free:
t though the laſſies love as well,
And often try to rally,
one pleaſes me like her who cries,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

I'm now return'd, of late diſcharg'd,
To uſe my native toil,
From fighting in my country's cauſe,
To plow my country's ſoil:
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I poſſeſs my Sally,
That little merry nymph that cries,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

BRAVE HAL.

HERE, full of ſcars, lies brave Hal Braze
For whom the corps has griev'd;
He'll ne'er ſtand centry, for this reaſon,
By death he's now reliev'd:
Five feet ſix inches he was counted,
And brave with all, 'tis ſaid:
The guard by him's no longer mounted,
He reſts in honour's bed.

Hal never from his corps deſerted,
He'd face a ball or ſword;
His regiment he oft' diverted,
And Poll, his wife, ador'd;
How oft' did he againſt the foe march,
Purſuing all that fled;
Farewell his quick ſtep and his ſlow march
He halts in honour's bed.

Yet Hal above ſhall be promoted,
When his commander great,
T' advance the brave, the good, the noted,
Will give his orders ſtraight:

o handle arms when word is given,
And trumpets call the dead,
al to be billetted in Heaven,
Shall wake from honour's bed.

THE MARKET LASS.

HO' my dad I muſt own is but poor,
His cot can each comfort ſupply;
he vine tendril curls round the door,
And the ſtreamlet meanders anigh:
ealth reigns and rewards daily toil,
I riſe at the lark's early ſong,
nd meeting my ſwain at the ſtile,
To market I trip it along.

veet ſcented as bloſſoms in May,
Butter-prints my neat baſket o'erſpread;
ilk-white chickens, cream-cheeſe, I diſplay,
And I'll vouch ev'ry egg is new-laid:
o partake in my health-earning toil,
My ſwain holds it ne'er can be wrong;
ars the weight of my load with a ſmile,
As to market we trip it along.

riv'd, ſoon I purchaſers view,
Sell my ſtock very oft in a trice,
ap the produce to induſtry due,
But ne'er charge above market price:
turning, the way we beguile,
With a tale, or a joke, or a ſong,
atch a warm parting kiſs at the ſtile,
To our cot then I trip it along.

THE IRISHMAN.

THE turban'd Turk, who ſcorns the world
May ſtrut about with his whiſkers curl'd
Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,
For nobody elſe but himſelf to ſee,
Yet, long may he pray with his alcoran,
Before he can love like an Iriſhman.

The gay Monſieur, a ſlave no more,
The haughty Don, the ſoft Signior,
The Dutch Mynheer ſo full of pride,
The Ruſſian, Pruſſian, Swede beſide—
They all may do whate'er they can,
But they ne'er can love like an Iriſhman.

The London folks themſelves beguile,
And think they pleaſe in a capital ſtyle,
Yet, let them aſk as they croſs the ſtreet,
Of any young damſel they chance to meet,
And I know ſhe'll ſay from behind her fan,
There's none can love like an Iriſhman.

ON EV'RY TREE.

ON ev'ry tree, in ev'ry plain,
I trace the jovial ſpring in vain;
A ſickly langour veils mine eyes,
And faſt my waning vigour flies.

or flow'ry plain, nor budding tree.
hat ſmiles on others, ſmiles on me;
ine eyes from death ſhall court repoſe
or ſhed a tear before they cloſe.

hat bliſs to me can ſeaſons bring,
r what the needleſs pride of ſpring;
he cypreſs bough that ſuits the bier,
etains its verdure all the year:
'is true, my vine, ſo freſh and fair,
ight claim awhile my wonted care,
y rural ſtore ſome pleaſure yield,
white a flock, ſo green a field.

y friends that each in kindneſs vie,
ight well expect one parting ſigh;
ight well demand one tender tear,
r when was Damon inſincere?
t ere I aſk once more to view
n ſetting ſun his race renew,
form me, ſwains, my friends declare,
ill pitying Delia join the pray'r.

BANISH SORROW.

ANISH ſorrow, grief's a folly,
Thought unbend thy wrinkled brow;
ence dull care and melancholy,
Mirth and joy invite us now:
cchus empties all his treaſures,
Comus brings us wit and ſong,
llow, follow, follow pleaſure,
Let us join the jovial throng.

The love-ſick ſwain who ſighs and ſimpers,
  T'other bottle would ſet free;
Nor artful ſmiles nor am'rous whimpers,
  Ere could fetter you or me:
We for courtſhip have no leiſure,
  Bumpers yield us better joy,
Follow, follow, follow pleaſure,
  While thus mirth our time employ.

Why then ſhould dull care perplex us,
  Why ſhould we not jovial be,
Since we're here we've nought to vex us,
  Bumpers ſet from care all free:
Then let's have bumpers without meaſure,
  Let's be gay while time we have;
Follow, follow, follow pleaſure,
  There's no drinking in the grave.

LOVE AND PLEASURE,—*Dibdin.*

WHEN well one knows to love and pleaſure
  What diſtreſſes can one prove,
What can rob that heart of eaſe,
  Poſſeſs'd of pleaſure, rich in love?

Alas! without this ſovereign good,
  Whoſe power no Emperor can ſtay,
Riches, rank, or noble blood,
  Honours, titles, what are they?

One tender look's to lovers worth
More treaſure than the Indies own;
Smiles are the empire of the earth,
The arms of thoſe we love a throne.

I AM A CHAIRMAN,—*Dibdin.*

I AM a chairman, my name is Mc Gee,
No flower in May was ſo blithe as me,
Till that baſtard Cupid, lodg'd in diſguiſe
In pretty Bridget's two good looking eyes,
Arrah is't you, the urchin cry'd,
I've a ſtrong bow I never try'd;
Like a ſhelalah he then choſe a dart,
And what a whack it gave my heart.

And ſince that time I grunt and ſigh,
And ſob, and moan, becaſe as why,
I ſtrive to hate, but am ne'er the nigher,
By her froſty looks I'm all on fire.
Oh! Bridget, Bridget, eaſe my pain,
Or give me back my heart again,
Or elſe, in troth, do all I can,
My partner'll ſoon be an odd man.

HONOUR CALLS TO ARMS,—*Dibdin.*

TO ev'ry fav'rite village ſport
With joy thy ſteps I'll guide;
Thy wiſhes always will I court,
Nor e'en ſtir from thy ſide.

But when the ſprightly fife and drum,
With all their dread alarms,
Echo afar
The cry of war,
And chiefs are heard to cry we come,
And Honour calls—To arms.

Thy pain and pleaſure will I ſhare,
For better and for worſe,
And if we have a prattling care,
I'll be its tender nurſe.
But when, &c.

HARMONY OF NATURE,—*Dibdin.*

WHILE woman like ſoft muſic's charms,
So ſweetly bliſs diſpenſes,
Some favourite part each fair performs
In the concert of the ſenſes.
Love, great firſt fiddle in the band,
Each paſſion quells and riſes,
Exploring, with a maſter's hand,
Nice modulation's mazes;
Till the rapt ſoul, ſupremely bleſt,
Beams brightly in each feature,
And lovely woman ſtands confeſs'd
The harmony of Nature.

Hark! with the penſive, in duet,
The ſprightly how it mingles!

The prude's the flute, and the coquette
The lively harp that tinkles.
One boldly ſweeps the yielding ſtrings,
While plaintive t'other prates it;
Like Cæſar, this to victory ſprings,
Like Fabius, that awaits it.
With various gifts, to make us bleſt,
Love ſkills each charming creature:
Thus lovely woman ſtands confeſs'd
The harmony of Nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal,
Scolds are the ſhrill and piercing pipe,
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.
All wives piano fortes are,
The baſs how old maids thump it,
The bugle-horn are archers fair,
An Amazon's a trumpet.
Thus, with rare gifts, to make us bleſt
Love ſkills his favourite creature;
And thus ſweet woman ſtands confeſs'd
The harmony of Nature.

RING THE CHANGES,—*Diddin.*

OFT has the word been well defin'd,
By ſayers and by ſingers,
I call't a belfrey, and mankind
I call the jolly ringers.

Through major bobs, and triple bobs,
Each emulouſly ranges;
And while each anxious boſom throbs,
All try to ring the changes.

Theſe college youths are ſent to ſchool,
And afterwards to college,
And thence return by ſquare and rule,
Well vers'd in worldly knowledge.
As genius leads, to cram his maw,
Each art's cloſe labyrinth ranges,
And on religion, phyſic, law,
Completely ring the changes.

The fortune hunter ſwears and lies,
And courts the widows jointure;
Then with a richer heireſs flies,
Nor minds to diſappoint her.
The widow too has her arch whim,
Nor thinks his conduct ſtrange is;
A titled heir ſucceeds to him,
And thus ſhe rings the changes.

The waiter pillages the greek,
The greek the ſpendthrift fleeces,
The ſpendthrift makes dad's fortune ſqueak,
Dad rack rents and grants leaſes.
The tenants break, gazette reports
Each difference arranges,
Till pro and con, through all the courts,
The lawyers ring the changes.

Thus like the bells, each fear and hope,
Hangs wav'ring and ſuſpended;
All tug away, while ſome a rope
Get, more than they intended.
In merry cadence as they roll,
We'll rove where reaſon ranges;
Nor ſhall the bell of ſadneſs toll,
Till death ſhall ring the changes.

OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And ſpangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark ſprings from the corn:
Dogs, huntſmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Riſe, the burthen of their ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die:

With a hey ho chivey,
Hark forward tantivey;
With a hey ho chivey,
Hark forward tantivy;
Riſe, the burthen of their ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail;
The huntſman blows a jovial ſound,
The dogs ſnuff up the gale;

The upland winds they ſweep along,
O'er fields thro' brakes they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.
With a hey ho chivey, &c.

Poor ſtag the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntſman's pleaſure is no more,
His joys were in the chace:
Alike the ſportſmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn purſue.
With a hey ho chivey, &c.

GODDESS OF THE SILVER STREAM.

NEAR where old Thames in ample tide,
So pleaſantly is flowing,
While wherries o'er its boſom glide,
And breezes ſoft are blowing;
A laſs reſides of beauty rare,
The muſes fav'rite theme,
For ſhe excels each fav'rite fair,
Sweet goddeſs of the ſilver ſtream.

A boat I, by lucky chance,
One morn I row'd her over,

So, gazing, ſtole a ſide-long glance,
And gaz'd myſelf her lover:
My feather'd oar forgot its play,
So ſweet her eyes did beam,
My boat its burthen wiſh'd to ſtay,
Sweet goddeſs of the ſilver ſtream.

Love ſoon gave language to our eyes,
Like doves we ſoon we're billing;
A ſmile the pleaſing phraſe ſupplies,
To wed, dear lad, I'm willing!
I took the hint, to church we ſped,
Our joys were not a dream,
A modeſt bluſh her cheeks o'erſpread,
Sweet goddeſs of the ſilver ſtream.

And now as blithe as blithe can be,
Or in our cot ſo cheery,
She ſmiling ſits upon my knee,
Or queens it in our wherry;
No lot is ſure ſo bleſt as mine,
Tho' mortal man I ſeem,
Love bids me taſte a bliſs divine,
Sweet goddeſs of the ſilver ſtream.

O EVER IN MY BOSOM LIVE.

O Ever in my boſom live,
Thou ſource of endleſs treaſure.
Since nothing elſe on earth can give
So dear, ſo rich a treaſure:

True love perhaps may bring alarms,
Or be but loſs of reaſon;
Yet ſtill it adds to ſummer charms,
And cheers the wintry ſeaſon.

The luſtre of the great and gay,
Is tranſitory faſhion;
Whilſt pure and laſting is the ray
Of unaffected paſſion:
When danger threats the peaſant's cot,
And cruel cares aſſail it,
Affection's cares ſhall ſooth his lot,
Or bid him not bewail it.

Then let us each on each rely,
A mutual tranſport borrow;
The ſlaviſh forms of life defy,
And artificial ſorrow:
Content, we'll laugh, and ſport, and ſing,
Grow livelier and jocoſer;
While time, that fleets on envious wing,
Shall bind our hearts the cloſer.

EDWARD AND KITTY.

NED oft had brav'd the field of battle,
Had oft' endur'd the hardeſt woe;
Had been where deep-mouth'd cannons rattle,
And oft been captur'd by the foe:
His heart was kind, to fear a ſtranger,
The name of Briton was his pride;

He nobly ſcorn'd to ſkrink from danger,
And on a bed of honour dy'd;

For, ſays Ned, whate'er befals,
A Briton ſcorns to flinch or whine,
He'll cheerful go where duty calls,
And brave all ills, but ne'er repine.

Ned lov'd ſincere his charming Kitty,
She ſaw with tears her ſoldier go!
She pray'd kind heav'n to lend her pity,
And ſhield her Edward from the foe:
My love, he cry'd, thy grief give over,
Thoſe tears diſgrace a ſoldier's bride:
But hapleſs Kitty loſt her lover,
Who on a bed of honour dy'd.
For ſays Ned, &c.

OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER.

BRITANNIA's ſons rejoice,
Loyally raiſe your voice,
God ſave the King:
In whoſe propitious reign,
Freedom we can maintain,
And, in triumphant ſtrain,
Liberty ſing.

Join, Britons, heart and hand,
Through this much favour'd land,
With one conſent:

May no foul diſcord e'er,
In our debates have ſhare,
But drive away all fear,
And be content.

Let not that democrat,
Tom Paine, ever come at
Our envied ſtate;
But drive him far away,
May we with ſpirits gay,
Live to enjoy that day
He meets his fate.

O may this boaſted ſtate
Proſperous be and great,
Never to fall:
May Britiſh bands protect,
While Britiſh hearts direct,
Levellers ſchemes detect,
God ſave us all.

FAIR KATE OF WEYMOUTH.

FAIR Kate of Weymouth lov'd a tar,
Ben Surf, as kind a ſoul
As ever brav'd the hoteſt war,
Or ſlung the flowing bowl,
Yet, oft he'd heave a ſigh, ſince fate
Had borne him far from lovely Kate.

For Ben in vain had often ſtrove,
(Would parents but agree)

To wed fair Kate, his only love,
'Ere that he went to ſea;
But, ah! in vain, fond hope was o'er,
He ſigh'd, then left his native ſhore.

One night as the mid-watch he kept,
A looſe to his ſorrows he gave,
For while his ſhip-mates careleſs ſlept
Plung'd in a wat'ry grave—
" The conflict's o'er, ſweet Kate," he cry'd,
Then ſunk in peace, alas! and dy'd.

Thus, hope is like the ſummer gale,
That's tranſient as the wind,
Which reefs too ſoon ſoft pleaſures ſail,
'Ere the wiſh'd port we find:
The tidings to fair Kate was brought,
Whoſe boſom was with anguiſh fraught.

' And is my love no more?' ſhe cry'd,
' Then peace adieu, farewell,
' This heart to his was e'er ally'd,
' And ſtill it ſhall be true—
' I feel my ſpirit wing its flight—'
She ſpoke, and ſunk in endleſs night.

POOR TAFFY.—*Dibdin.*

BE quiet that blackbird and thruſh,
So gallanting,
And chanting,
And whiſtling,
And briſtling,
And warbling your ſong in the grove.

That goldfinch and linnet pray huſh;
Poor Taffy is ſighing,
And alſo is crying,
And moreover dying
For love.
What a noiſe, only hark!
Why you impudent lark;
The loud little devils to hear
Gives her torture, and torment, and ſmart;
For though honey their notes to her ear,
They are bitter as gaul to her heart,
Her cannot for her ſoul be glad,
When Winifred's away;
Yet it is wrong, and it is bad
To chide their pretty lay;
That love that makes poor Taffy ſad,
Makes all the grove ſo gay.

Pipe on, merry blackbird, and thruſh,
Sing your ditty,
So pretty,
And whiver it,
And quiver it,
Nature ſmiles, and the ſpring's in its prime:
From each ſpray, and each tree, and each buſh,
Your madrigals pouring,
Some hopping,
Some ſoaring,
Your ſong will be o'er in
Good time.

What a noiſe, only hark!
Now's your time, Mr. Lark,
When to-morrow ſweet Win ſhall appear,
You'll not make this noiſe, and this ſtir,
Then a much ſweeter ditty to hear,
You'll leave ſinging, and liſten, to her.
Then Taffy be no longer ſad,
Though Winifred's away,
But ſmile with nature, and be glad,
And like the grove be gay,
To-morrow pleaſure's to be had,
Then do not grieve to-day.

THE TINKER.

MY daddy was a tinker's ſon,
And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one;
Here's pots to mend! was ſtill his cry,
Here's pots to mend! about bawl I.
Have ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
Coppers to ſolder, or braſs pans:
Of wives my dad had near a ſcore,
And I have twice as many more;
And what's as wonderful as true,
My daddy was the lord (upon my ſoul he was)
the lord knows who;

Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

Once I in budget ſnug had got,
A barn-door capon, and what not,
Here's pots to mend! I cry'd along,
Here's pots to mend! was ſtill my ſong.
At village wake—oh! curſe his throat,
The cock crow'd out ſo loud a note,
The folks in cluſters flock'd around,
They ſeiz'd my budget, in it found
The cock, a gammon, peaſe, and beans,
Beſides a jolly tinker (yes, by the lord) a tinker's ways and means.
Tan ran tan, &c.

Like dad, when I to quarters come,
For want of caſh the folks I hum;
Here's kettles to mend—bring me ſome beer!
The landlord cries, "you'll get none here!
"You tink'ring dog, your tricks I know,
"More beer indeed!—pay what you owe!"
In rage I ſqueeze him 'gainſt the door,
And with his back rub off the ſcore;
At his expence we drown all ſtrife;
For which I praiſe the landlord (could not do leſs than praiſe)—the landlord's wife.
Tan ran tan, &c.

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TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

THE KING—and may he ever reign in the hearts of his people.

The QUEEN—and may ſhe ever retain the affections of her grateful ſubjects.

The PRINCE of WALES—and may he be the heir apparent to a Britiſh Crown of glory and happineſs.

The DUKE of YORK—and may he ever eſpouſe the cauſe of true liberty, and cruſh that of ceſpotiſm.

A little alteration, without a revolution,
The ſame King, and the ſame Conſtitution.

The liberty of the Preſs without licentiouſneſs,
May reaſon guide the helm when paſſion blows the gale.

May thoſe who would enſlave, become ſlaves themſelves.

Sincerity in friendſhip, and confiancy in love.

May we never murmer without a cauſe, and never have cauſe to murmer.

May the nation be bleſſed with plenty and the people with gratitude.

The virtuous fair—and the fair virtuous.

The lovers of honour, and honourable lovers.

May the road to happineſs be lighted by virtue.

May life laſt as long as its worth wearing.

When bravery ſecures victory to Britain, may mercy aid the conqueſt.

May we never make matrimony a matter of money,

May the tide of fortune float us into the harbour of content.

May the time-piece of life be regulated by the dial of virtue.

May fortune fill the lap where charity guides the hand.

May the lovers of the fair-ſex never want means to ſupport, and ſpirit to defend them.

May the tear of misery be dried by the hand of commiseration.

May the voyage of life end in the haven of happiness.

The unity of hearts in the union of hands.

Wit without virulence, wine without excess, and wisdom without affectation.

The gifts of the gods, a handsome wife, a steady friend, and sound claret.

May the heart that aches at the sight of sorrow always be blest with means to relieve it.

May the seed of dissention never find growth in the soil of Great-Britain.

May the rights of Great-Britain never be invaded by foreigners.

The road to honour through the plains of virtue.

May honour be the commander when love takes the field.

The British Constitution, and may those who don't like it leave it.

Absalom's end to the fomentors of public mischief.

May the sword of Justice be swayed by the hand of Mercy.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but real merit.

More power to our friends, and more sense to our enemies.

May he that turns his back on his friend, fall into the hands of his enemies.

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.

May we always be happy, and our enemies know it.

The King to the laws, and the Church to the bible.

Honour and influence to the public spirited patrons of trade.

May the trade of this country increase, and be supported by Unity, Peace, and Concord.

FINIS.